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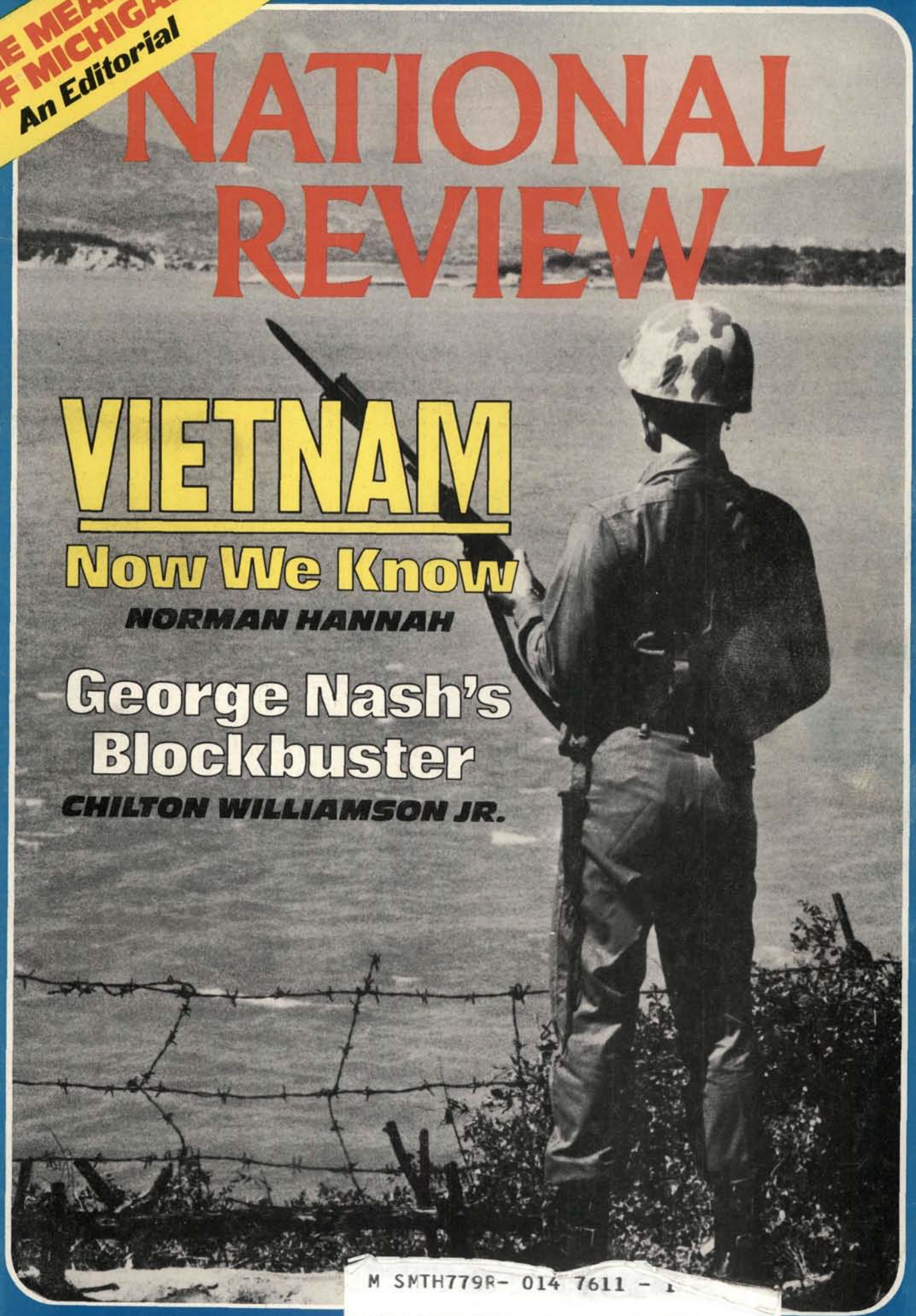
An Editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW



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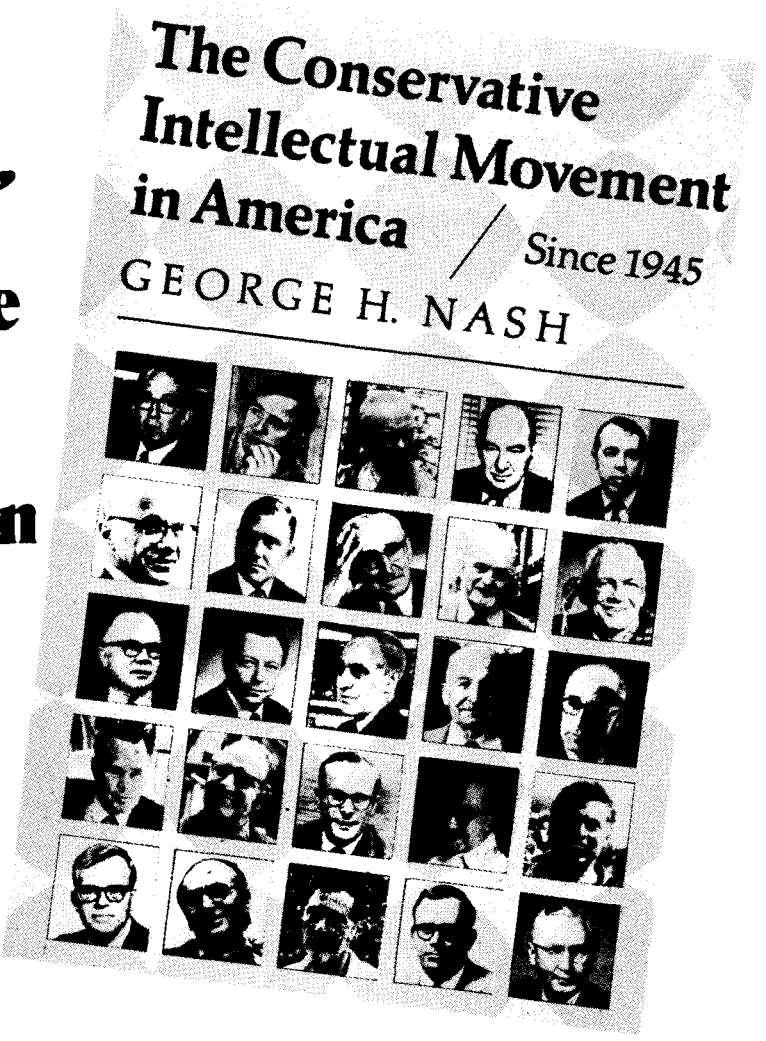

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VOL. XVIII, NO. 21

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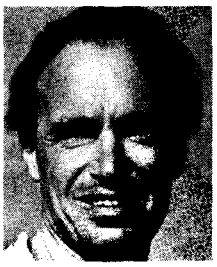

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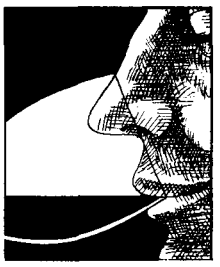

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"An intellectual and political event of the first importance." —National Review

The enemies of democracy are using its freedoms to destroy it. Italy is on the brink. Great Britain is in peril. Even the United States is threatened by a militant minority dedicated to the use of subversion and force to impose totalitarianism.

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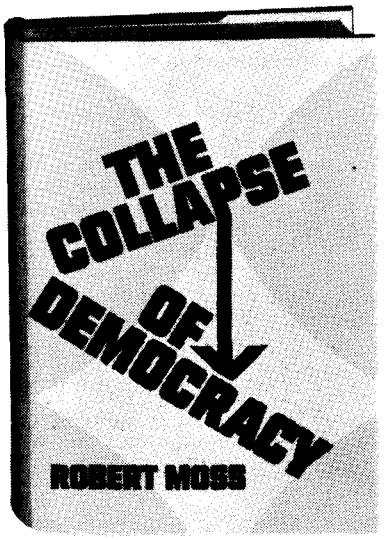

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Letters

Starting with Homer

Do you ever feel that the only way to express your appreciation of the Federal Government is with a good, loud scream? I felt that even more than usual after reading "Big Brother's Reading List: A Dissent" [May 28]. If the government could not, with propriety, issue its own Bicentennial reading list, how fat-headed it was to buy a pig in a poke from the ALA! The only good that came out of it is that it provoked your list.

Last fall, in your anniversary issue, Jeffrey Hart struck a responsive chord in me when he described the difficulty of trying to help a troubled student reconstruct his political beliefs. What, the boy had asked, should he read? "An answer to such a question," wrote Mr. Hart, "is always somewhat arbitrary. You really cannot say, 'Begin at the beginning, where our bankrupt educational system ought to have begun you a dozen years ago.' You cannot say, 'Begin to absorb the mind of the West, from Homer through the present, with perhaps special attention to Dante.'"

Although I am not a teacher, I have often come across students who, in the course of conversation, ask for just such help, and I have always found my own answers sketchy and inadequate. Of course, yours is a whopper of a list to hand anyone, but your annotations make it pretty clear what is essential and what is furbelow. Congratulations!

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

Carter's Religion

If, as John R. Coyne Jr. writes ["Niceguyin' His Way to the White House?" May 14], "as many as forty million white Protestants" share Governor Carter's religious fervor, then such a force, when coupled with tens of millions of other Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, forms a massive movement in America. Indeed, such a righteous abundance should be dominating the national scene. But, if this be so, why the continual, drastic moral decay in all parts of the nation, including the heart of Carter country?

This reminds one of the story of the young Russian who, after listening intently to a Commissar extolling the many virtues of Communism, rose to ask the question: "If everything is so good, Comrade, then why is everything so bad?"

Perth Amboy, N.J. ALVIN B. LEBAR

John Coyne has discovered that many support Jimmy Carter for non-political reasons; and he is correct! I was a conservative supporter of Ronald Reagan until I learned that Jimmy Carter was a "born again" Christian. I am now supporting Carter in spite of my disagreement with him on several issues. This is because I, like Jimmy Carter, have had my life completely changed by Jesus Christ—I have been "born again." ("Born again" is not Jimmy Carter's phraseology, but the exact words of Jesus Christ in John 3:3.)

During the past several years, I and thousands of other Christians have prayed for God to give our nation a "born again" Christian President who would continually seek direction from God to solve national problems. This matter is so important to us that it overshadows "political issues." God is the only hope for our decaying nation, and we desperately need a President who realizes this.

Memphis, Tenn. CHUCK LARESS

John Coyne's article on Carter prompts this "evangelical" Christian to respond that at our house we are entirely capable of separating our presidential choice from our religious joy that Jimmy knows the Lord.

To me, at least, being "born again" does not mean the end of incompetence, blindness, and even sin about things of the world. It's true for me; it's true for Jimmy.

My favorite line in all literature is from Roark Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*. Joshua insists that he can lead the people into the Promised Land without God's help. De Lawd tells him: "Joshua, you is a man; you is made outa meat." We must remember that even in jobs God Himself has elected us to.

I also recall the story of the coach whose team was playing a Catholic school. He asked his Catholic quarterback what it

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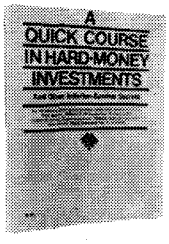

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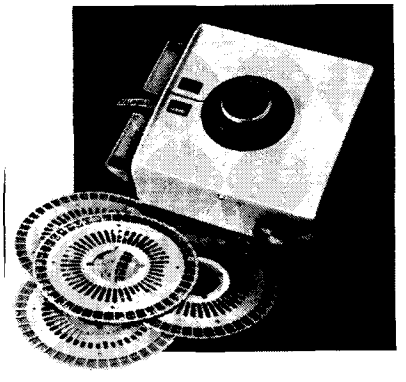

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meant when the other team crossed themselves before the game. "If they can't play football, it doesn't mean a thing."

Now I don't mean the morals of a leader are of no consideration. But I believe it is my duty to use my reason, and my reason seems to be saying that Carter could just spend and compromise and "nice" us into oblivion. I call this reasoning "rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

Anyway, except the Lord keep the city, even Reagan can't save it.

McLean, Va. PHYLLIS DAVENPORT

Meow!

D. Keith Mano is correct in his observation ["Born Unfree," April 30] that cats do not meow to each other, but I don't think his explanation goes deep enough. He thinks that we have "forced an artificial language on cats" and that the meow is "human talk."

In my opinion, the meow is a natural continuation of the mewing cries with which kittens call to their mothers. In psychological jargon, the older kitten/adult cat comes to look upon human beings as mother-surrogates: just as, before, it got food and milk and protection from its mother, so it now gets them from its human masters. The meow would thus be "baby talk" ("Mama," not, "Yassuh, Baas"), somewhat modified because the vocal cords have changed.

Urbana, Ill. PETER J. NYIKOS

Reagan's Politics

It may seem as untimely as a chant of "divorce" during a marriage ceremony, but I have a couple of contrary things to say amidst the euphoria of Reagan's big win in Texas ["Reagan in Stride," May 28].

First off, you shouldn't run for President if you don't run to win, which, in effect, is what Reagan seems to be doing by not attacking his opponent's weakest point, Ford himself. There is abundant evidence to prove that Jerry Ford is a "yes"-man-as-leader, that he lacks courage, that he is really without a conviction of his own. If Reagan continues to avoid this issue, which is crucial for victory, then he is *not* running to win. The voters can't see any difference between the two now that Ford has moved right with his ever-ready *expediency*.

Secondly, on this day after the Texas primary, I am more than ever aware of that old conservative albatross which is forever turning victory into defeat: Communist aggression from the outside as the all-encompassing issue. Yes, Communist aggression is real, and a major issue in the campaign, but the most deadly enemy of freedom in America is socialism within—that silent, invisible cancer eating away at our values and our freedom. Reagan, as earlier conservatives seemed ordained to do, is letting "Communism" block out the vital necessity to expose and explain so-

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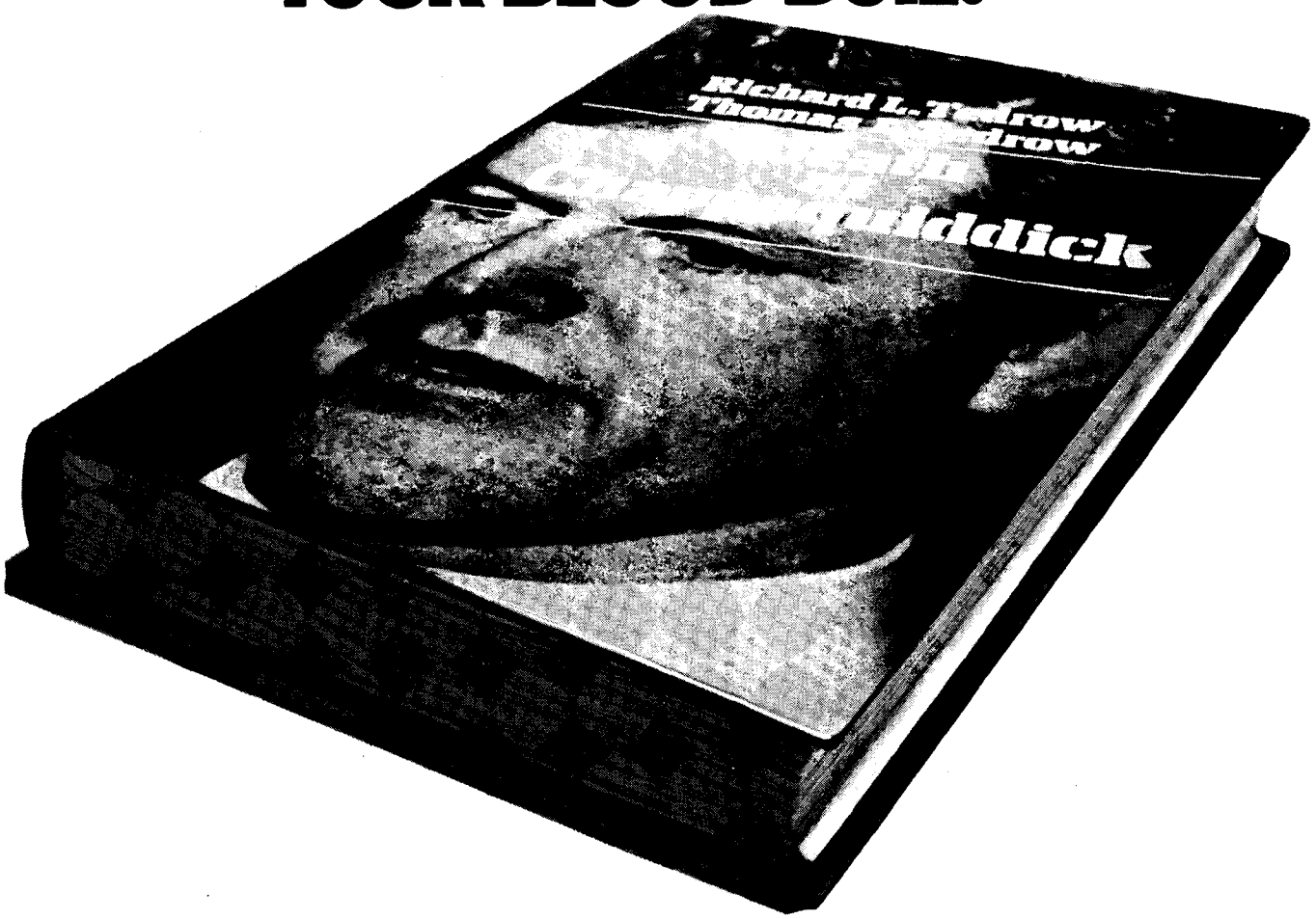

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cialism—hell, you don't even hear the word used. Foreign policy, detente, the Panama Canal, et al. won in Texas, but I'm afraid that Reagan will eventually be seen as a saber rattler.

I hope that either I am wrong, or he follows my lead.

New York, N.Y. JACK BYE

After Ronald Reagan's speech about Social Security, with his proposal for a voluntary Social Security program and his suggestion of investing the monies collected in the stock market, I did a bit of research that will shock people.

I took an average $50 per month Social Security payment and computed the total amount of money invested by a person starting to work at the age of 25 and working until the age of 65. I computed the $600 per year investment at a 6 per cent interest rate for a period of forty years. At the end of forty years, this person has $98,428.94 invested in his retirement plan, earning $492.15 per month interest. (The same retired worker would be getting about $320 from Social Security.) And what happens to the money invested, after one dies? Have you ever heard of our government paying the next of kin the $100,000 invested by the deceased?

The computations above say nothing about the individual who has worked since he was a teenager, or about the maximum interest rate of 7.5 per cent on securities not withdrawn for over six years. Otherwise we would find the accumulated principal and interest to be much greater.

I for one am furious to find that the Social Security program is broke. What is going to happen to the money that we invested? Furthermore, over half the working class is now between 25 and 45, while there is a near-zero population growth. What would happen under our present system when this age group moves into retirement? I recommend that instead of facetiously attacking Ronald Reagan for his proposals, we glorify his insight and get busy and correct this financial disaster.

Plattsburgh, N.Y. ROBERT C. BOHANNON

Congress' Economics

In your May 14 issue, under "The Week," you published a paragraph giving a few splendid illustrations of what the Senate-approved budget of $412,600,000,000 really means.

It is my considered opinion that this paragraph should be enlarged poster-size (say, 50' X 100') and plastered permanently over the Hallowed Halls of Congress.

Arlington, Va. HERBERT O'DONNELL

Canada for Americans

There can be nothing more fascinating for a Canadian than to read an article on Canada which is clearly tailored for American consumption—in this case, F. S. Manor's "Canada's Trudeaumania" [April 2].

No doubt Americans are gripped by Manor's apocalyptic tone, but few Canadians see their country as he does—"virtually bankrupt," "riven with dissent, class hatreds, and social envy." Certainly Canada's problems are serious, but no more serious than those of the rest of the world, and to suggest that we're on the brink of destruction is absolute nonsense.

Later in his article, Manor turns to the complex issue of price and wage controls, and suggests that unions have been elevated to a position of undue power—"this 10 per cent minority is to assist the Prime Minister in the restructuring of Canadian society." Unlike Mr. Manor, the great majority of Canadians understood the PM to be inviting, not only unions, but business and government to participate in a restraint program. The tragedy is that unions *declined* the invitation, thus sealing the doom of the program and lessening, not increasing, the already marginal political importance of unions in Canada.

Manor reaches his rhetorical nadir when he portrays Messrs. Trudeau and Mao Tse-tung as ideological colleagues, working toward "identical," inscrutably evil goals. Yes, Mr. Manor, Canadians are troubled by the PM's statements on the failure of the "free-market" system—not because he's a flaming Communist, but because he is, tragically, correct.

Toronto, Ont. MARK L. LYONS

Spiro and the Media

Victor Gold's saluting Spiro Agnew's effect upon media responsibility ["Echoes of . . . Shhh . . . (Spiro)," April 30] is like crediting an earthquake for more durable skyscrapers.

New York, N.Y. GILBERT BILBY

From Yalta to Helsinki

Re James Burnham's Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt column [May 14], nobody understands better the import of the K-S doctrine ("organic ties" between Moscow and the satellites) than Americans of East/Central European origin. Let us bear in mind, however, that the K-S proposal is in harmony with the general line of Washington's foreign policy from Yalta and Kennan's "containment" to Helsinki and beyond. Indeed, it is the nation's ethos, not this or that executant, which prescribes the "Americanization" of Moscow, Peking, and Havana—as also of Pretoria and Salisbury. W. W. Rostow suggested in the late Fifties that we help Russia and China reach the economic take-off stage, so as to de-ideologize them and make them similar to us, thus manageable. Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt say substantially the same thing, except that for good measure they throw in a hundred million people and their hopes. But that is only a variation on the main theme.

Let us face it: we as a nation do not grasp such concepts—essential to an understanding of foreign policy—as "enemy," "ally," and "neighbor"; our contract-based

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ethos recognizes only the "partner" whose interests coincide with ours, or the future partner, to be first "educated" by us and our example. I find it well worth some historical reflection that Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt, refugees to these shores, are in agreement with the New England patrician Franklin D. Roosevelt.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

That Horses Not Be Stolen

In regard to your recent ["The Week," April 30] item about the death penalty, it might be well to ponder the words of the Marquis of Halifax. In his *Political Thoughts and Reflections* he wrote: "Men are not hanged for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen." It seems to say something about the concept of the death penalty both as a deterrent and as providing just desert for the murdered (horse thievery being a somewhat less irksome problem in this "enlightened" age).

Boston, Mass. DONALD O. SOUDEN

Martin and the Devil

Malachi Martin writes ["The Churches and the Devil," April 30] "that, in His world, God allows the Devil, a real entity, to function as a pole of evil, as the source of all evil in persons and in groups; that Jesus became human precisely to establish within our universe the opposite pole of divine goodness; and that the real history of our race is the unabating struggle between the hideous strength of a fallen archangel and a God-man, both contending for the allegiance of free human beings."

Is it really the Christian doctrine that Lucifer had a free field for all the millennia B.C.? Is it true that the non-Christian billions are denied the polarity of goodness? Is the conscious rejection of the Martin doctrine a sign of allegiance to the Devil?

Martin's column is titled "Out of This World," and, boy, it sure was!

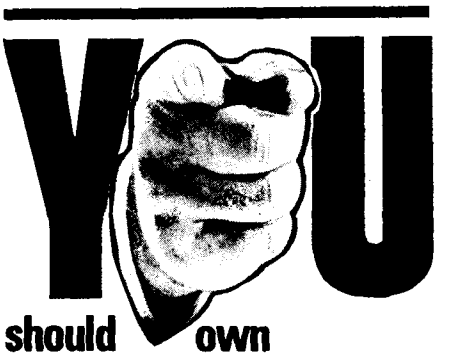
Cranford, N.J. CHARLES M. HART

Malachi B. Martin expressed concern over the churches' denying the existence of the Devil. He reasoned that "faith" in the Devil as a real entity is necessary to profess your Christian belief; that without the Devil "a morally bad act is merely a result of a psychological state, of operant conditioning, of environment, and is in no sense an act of will . . ." He also stated that faith, not reason, is the prerequisite to Christianity.

The Devil an entity? No more than the wild beast or the false prophet. They are symbolic manifestations of man's weakness. Revelation 20:10: "The devil who was misleading them was hurled into the lake of fire and sulphur, where both the wild beast and the false prophet [already are] . . ." Can a real thing (a Devil) be hurled into the same place as a symbol?

It takes logic and reasoning to under-

(Continues on page 599)



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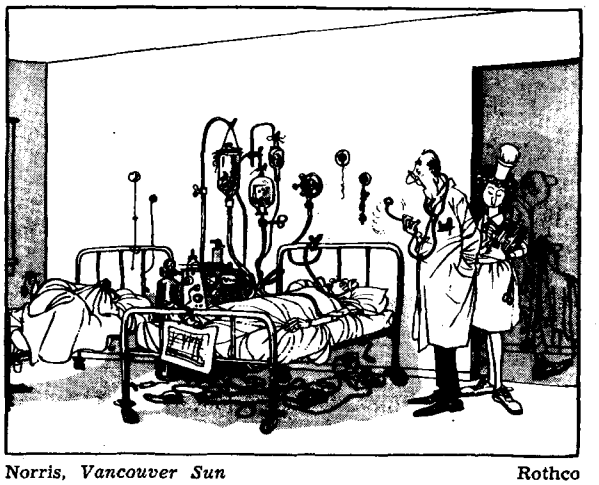
FOR THE RECORD

■ Days before the primary, Michigan pols were frantic about the "800,000-pound gorilla"—the 800,000 voters who gave **Wallace** a Michigan landslide in '72. The gorilla was shy this year. According to a CBS–*New York Times* poll, half of those who voted for Wallace in '72 didn't vote this time around. . . . Democratic crossovers went for **Reagan** by a slim margin over **Ford**, but crucial factor was Republicans and Independents, who voted overwhelmingly for Ford. . . . Last time against the pointy-heads? Wallace got 7 per cent this time in Michigan; in '72, he got 51 per cent. In Maryland, he got only 4 per cent; in '72, 38 per cent. . . . Maryland defeat may take some of the gleam out of **Carter** smile, but most still consider him likely Democratic nominee. . . . The Ford-Reagan contest is now a toss-up, and California will be crucial. The winner of the June 8 primary takes all 167 delegates. **Peter Kaye**, the President Ford Committee's national secretary, says, "We've got to heat it up, and we're going to heat it up." . . . *Human Events*, conceding Ford victories in Oregon (May 25) and Ohio and New Jersey (June 8), projects that "Ronald Reagan will capture the GOP nomination on the first ballot with 1,156 votes—26 more than the minimum required." . . . Looking toward November: According to *Washington Post*'s first national survey this year, Carter has "aura of a winner." He beats Ford 48 per cent to 34 per cent, and Reagan 50 per cent to 32 per cent. The poll shows Carter does what **Hubert Humphrey** couldn't do: retrieve the swing votes that went to **Nixon** in '68 and '72.

■ Now that her hat's in the ring, what chance does **Bella Abzug** have of garnering New York Democratic senatorial nomination? Right now **Ramsey Clark** is rated the favorite. Trailing Clark is **Daniel Moynihan**—who has yet to announce—and then comes Bella. . . . Also running for New York Senate seat is **Martin E. Nixon**, candidate of the Free Liberation Party, who proposes selling the subway and bus systems to private enterprise. . . . The **Tunney-Hayden** contest for the Democratic nomination in California has gotten the most publicity, but race for GOP nomination is also interesting. Polls show linguist-educator **S. I. Hayakawa** leading **Robert Finch**, former HEW secretary under Nixon (Richard).



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

". . . and now the good news . . . due to a strike threat, you are off the critical list and being discharged immediately."

■ The Soviets are showing signs of dropping **detente** from their vocabulary. The Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* attributed Ford's primary defeats to his "concessions to the militant Right." And *Pravda* has warned the U.S. about making anti-**Castro** remarks: "The interests of consolidation of peace and security of people demand that the dangerous anti-Cuban campaign not be complicated further." . . . Only two days after nine **Soviet dissidents** announced formation of a group to monitor Soviet compliance with the Helsinki agreement, Soviet authorities began cracking down on the group. **Yuri Orlov**, its leader, was taken in for questioning by the KGB. . . . **Patrice de Beer**, a *Le Monde* correspondent who recently visited several detention centers in **Vietnam**, reports that 200,000 persons connected with the **Thieu government** are being held in Communist "re-education" camps. . . . In one of their biggest raids so far this year, **Communist guerrillas** in Thailand raided volunteer defense training camp, killing 15 and burning their bodies.

■ **City Lights Publishing Company**'s newest hit is *Thoughts of Jerry Brown*, which captures the many sides of the 38-year-old California governor. Several months ago, when asked about his White House aspirations, Brown replied: "I don't even want to think about the Presidency—just being governor is a pain in the ass." In Maryland he said: "I want to bring reality back into national politics. . . . I want to be President." . . . **David Obst**, the literary agent who handled **Bob Woodward** and **Carl Bernstein**, has signed a contract to market a new book for **David** and **Julie Eisenhower**. Obst is not discussing what the book is going to be about, only telling the *Washington Post*'s **Maxine Cheshire** that Julie and David "have lived extraordinary lives for people so young."

■ How big is the **$413.3-billion** federal spending target that Congress has set for itself for next fiscal year? *U.S. News & World Report* says if it were stacked in one-dollar bills, the congressional budget would be 28,000 miles high.

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(Continued from page 597)

stand that the passage from Revelation isn't to be taken literally as a real live bloody battle, but rather that it is a mythological story of the battle of good and bad that is within each of us. Belief in the Devil as a person only enables one to project the blame onto the "Devil" rather than accepting it oneself—just as the story of Adam and Eve tells not of how Eve was tempted by the Devil, but of how man is his own worst enemy.

Mr. Martin stated that history is the "unabating struggle between the hideous strength of a fallen archangel and a God-man, both contending for the allegiance of free human beings." This is like two parents who are quarreling, each trying to sway the children, the innocent victims. If this is the true history of man, then stop the world and let me off.

Faith alone will not be sufficient to get man through the maze of life. However, faith based on knowledge will weather any storm.

Seymour, Wis. ELAINE FRIEDRICK

Nazi War Crimes

NR erred seriously ["The Week," April 30] in the position it attributed to the internationally famous "Nazi-hunter" Simon Wiesenthal of Vienna (inadvertently referred to in your paragraph as Simon Rosenthal).

NR alleges that Wiesenthal said that there is no evidence Wolfgang Wick committed crimes, despite his service in Hitler's elite SS. *NR* uses this allegation to support its suggestion that Wick may in fact have been fit to serve as president of Rotary International.

In fact, that is not Wiesenthal's position as he has articulated it—most recently at a lecture last month in St. Louis, which I attended. While Wick asserts that he "had no choice but to serve," Wiesenthal states that he can prove Wick was an active, willing, and voluntary participant in the SS, and therefore guilty of crimes.

It is necessary to add that no one, dead or alive, has the credentials that Wiesenthal has as a meticulous and precise collector of data on Nazis. He has done nothing since his release from the concentration camps in 1945 except track down Nazis (Eichmann, Stangl, and many hundreds of others). His assertions about Wick ought, therefore, to be accorded substantial weight.

Finally, isn't it a bit silly for *NR* to have bolstered its argument by adding that no evidence has been produced of Nazi or fascist activities by Wick "since 1945"? That is understandable, to say the least—isn't it?

I enjoy your magazine tremendously and read it avidly—but, together with other Jews, I would be grateful for your correcting the record.

Clayton, Mo. HARVEY J. SCHRAMM

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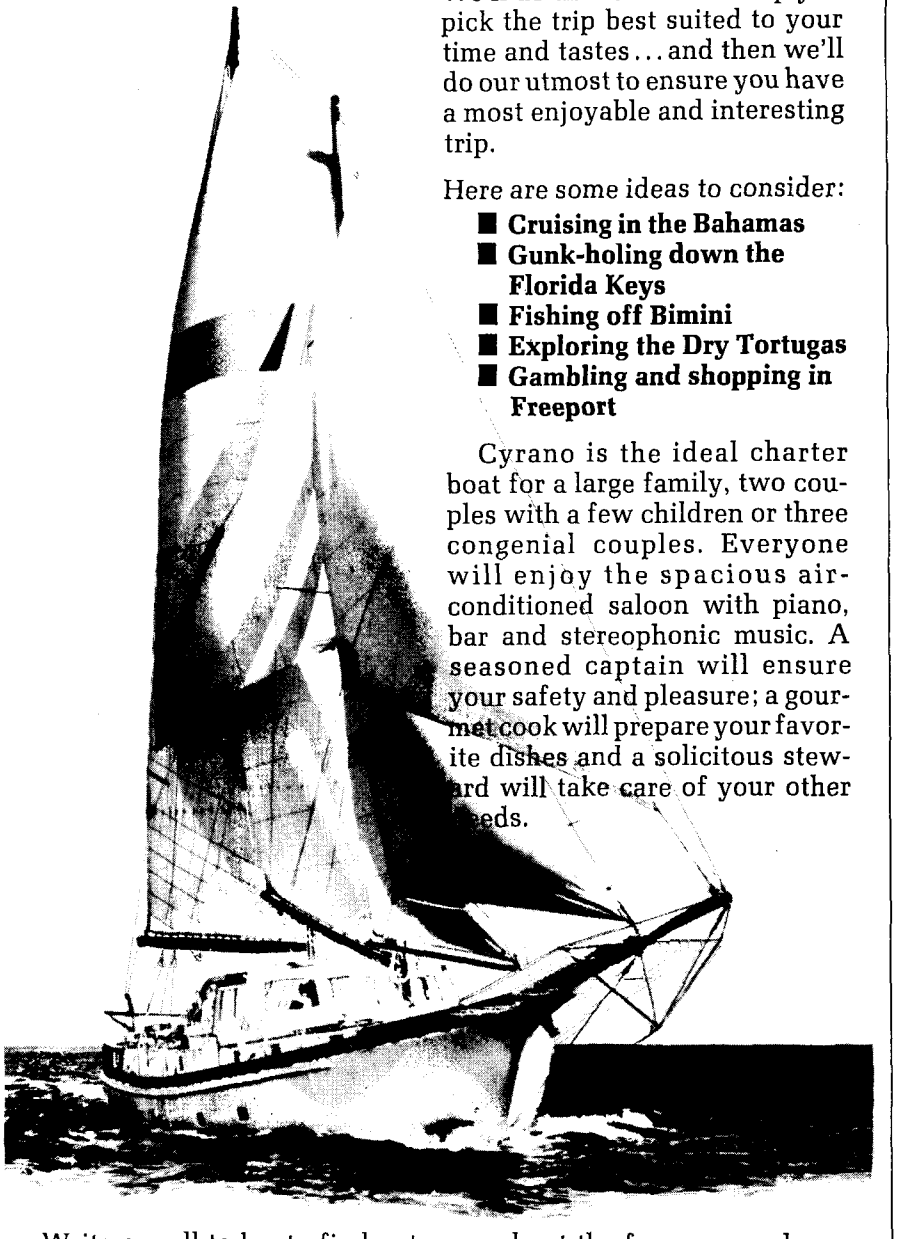

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THE WEEK

■ Representative Sam Gibbons (D. and a troublemaker, Fla.), maintains that Congress "goofed" last year by amending Section 11 (A) instead of Section 11 (B) of the Internal Revenue Code, as a result of which the federal corporate income tax was repealed. Gibbons goes so far as to call it a "$40-billion typographical error" and says he will introduce a joint resolution to "correct" it. Just hold on there, Gibbons. You dare accuse the representatives of the American people of a $40-billion blunder? The truth is, this legislation is among the most forward-looking and effective reforms ever undertaken by Congress to combat unemployment, inflation, and other economic ills. Everybody knows that corporate taxes are—well—an illusion, that corporations do not pay taxes, and that such taxes (plus commissions) were simply passed on to the consumer, raising the cost of living. A stupid, inefficient, even dishonest system, and it's about time we were rid of it. The American people and their Congress know what they are doing, Sam. Now shut up and sleep it off.

■ By some happy quirk of fate beyond our deserts, we seem to have a Treasury Secretary these days who is more interested in the nation's financial health than in politics. In his latest manifestation of this bias, Secretary Simon knocked New York's Mayor Abraham Beame speechless for several hours on end. When Congress bailed New York out last year by agreeing to lend the city up to $2.3 billion in seasonal short-term loans, it imposed a number of conditions, prominent among them a prohibition on wage increases for municipal employees until the happy day when New York's budget should be brought into balance. Naturally, no one in New York's administration or the New York unions took this proviso seriously. Who ever heard of politicians refusing a wage increase to a big unionized sector of public employees? So the Transit Board and other city administrative bodies have been going confidently ahead along their usual path, adding a little cosmetic treatment to the new agreements by calling the increases "fringe benefits" or suggesting that they will be balanced by "productivity improvement." Secretary Simon studied the figures and said in the plainest language issuing from Washington this season: "No. Sorry." "They made an agreement with us that included a wage freeze. Any wage increase, including a cost-of-living increase, would blow that plan out of the water. If that occurred, there would not be reasonable assurance of repayment. I would not give them the loans. The point is," Simon thought it not irrelevant to mention, "I have a law I must adhere to. That's a fact of life."

■ Politicians are not doing well anywhere, according to a variety of recent polls. A Roper poll shows that only one presidential candidate—Ronald Reagan—has more strong supporters (25 per cent to 17 per cent) than opponents. By contrast, Ford has 19 per cent strongly for, 21 per cent strongly against, and Wallace has 16 per cent for, 39 per cent against. A Patrick Caddell poll found lopsided majorities supported such propositions as: "most politicians don't really care about me" (2 to 1); "people with power are out to take advantage of me" (58 per cent); "over the last ten years, this country's leaders have consistently lied to the American people" (68 per cent); and 40 per cent feel it makes no difference who is elected. Meanwhile, visitors to a Bicentennial exhibit in Boston are voting 44 per cent Patriot, 27 per cent Tory, and 29 per cent neutral.

■ The mood among Capitol Hill Republicans grows increasingly gloomy. A few months ago, the Republican National Committee was predicting a gain of approximately fifty seats in the House, and the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee was even more optimistic, coining the slogan "76 [seats] in '76." Today, however, because of the protracted Ford-Reagan struggle and the internal GOP divisions it reveals, estimates have been revised sharply downward. "Instead of picking up 25 or thirty of the seats we lost in 1974," says Representative John Anderson (R., Ill.), chairman of the House Republican Conference, "I'm afraid we might go below the 145 we now hold."

■ One of the most awesome sights in Washington can reportedly be seen almost daily in the indoor congressional swimming pool, where Bella Abzug likes to paddle. No hat, say those who have watched the spectacle. But she does wear water wings.

■ Major changes in the country's labor legislation are being proposed, in the guise of reforming the campaign financing act. Labor wants Congress to legislate an automatic check-off—like the one already in effect for union dues—for "contributions" by union members to political action committees. And while Congress is about it, unions would like a right to lists of all company employees, even those who are not union members. Unions are not now entitled to such lists until they have gotten

From Governor Reagan's Kitchen

Take a bunch of angry farmers;
  Add some bankers with the blues;
Simmer slowly with a pinch of
  Ladies wearing tennis shoes;
Fold in lots of Wallace voters
  With the Rimland and the West;
Set aside for next November
  When you want to serve the best.

W. H. VON DREELE

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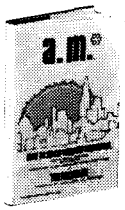

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This book is being acclaimed by many doctors and psychiatrists throughout the U.S. as a useful therapeutic tool. The method not only relaxes you but it reduces blood pressure, slows heart beat, the lactate level in the blood. It is often a helpful adjunct to psychotherapy. So many patients had been asking their doctors about meditation; until this book was published there was no readable, down to earth, practical approach available.

WHY MOST PEOPLE ARE TENSE

It's a fact that in the U.S., the most prosperous nation in the world, we have more psychosomatic illness than other countries. Our fast paced life is full of stress and tension, causing many illnesses. The incidence of heart attacks, ulcers and other psychosomatic illnesses is higher than in any other country. Doctors have found over 100 psychosomatic illnesses and they're finding more every day. Many doctors even ascribe diabetes and cancer to stress and tension. The number one killer, heart disease, is often psychosomatic. Even people in their 30's are dying of heart attacks! All of these dangers can be reduced by daily meditation.

Meditation is for you if you experience any of these symptoms: You get upset in traffic; you are tense, high strung; you feel irritable and on edge at times; tired, but can't sleep; are not as creative as you'd like; smoke or drink in excess; headache at end of day; tense neck and shoulder muscles; butterflies in your stomach; frequent stomach upset; high blood pressure.

Many doctors, secretaries, businessmen, housewives, students, psychiatrists, lawyers, factory workers, and athletes have one thing in common. They are meditating. They realize their health is their life!

What are you doing to save and preserve your life? Instead of doing things to yourself that will end your life prematurely, you can do yourself a favor. You can be gentle with yourself. Use A.M. and in an easy, relaxed way do something to save and preserve your life.

Highlights of This Amazing Book

- Why you should consider meditating.
- Where to meditate.
- A comparison of AM with other methods.
- What biological and psychological changes occur.
- The four levels of brain wave patterns and how AM induces the alpha state wherein lies deep relaxation.
- How AM helps you be more creative.
- How AM helps you gain greater appreciation for food and sex.
- Case histories of AM practitioners.
- How AM reduces stress.
- How you gain vitality and zest for life.
- How AM improves memory.
- How to relieve need for alcohol, tobacco, and drugs.
- Photographs of right and wrong positions for AM.

LEARN IN JUST ONE EVENING

A.M. — How To Teach Yourself Meditation is presented in a gentle and simple four evening plan. You actually start meditating during the first evening!

THE AMAZING EXPERIENCES OF DR. LUANNE RUONA

Dr. Luanne Ruona is a psychiatrist in private practice in Washington, D.C. A few years ago she was skeptical about the claims made for meditation. There was too much magic and mysticism. When she first learned about A.M. she decided to try it. Nothing about it appeared harmful. What was there to lose? She said, "After the first experience I was surprised at how I felt. My body was less tense and anxious. My mind seemed calmer. However, I had not lost any enthusiasm or positive excitement about living. Gradually I began to make it a part of my daily life.

An interesting phenomenon is A.M.'s ability to help me feel relaxed but not tired or sleepy as often occurs with many people after a nap or long sleep. I find my energy level increased."

Dr. Ruona has taught many of her patients how to meditate with remarkable results. She collaborated with Ted Nicholas and wrote the foreword to the book. In it she fully describes these experiences.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author of the book is Ted Nicholas. A writer and businessman, he has written several best selling "How To" books. These include **How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50** and **Where The Money Is & How To Get It.** The style of the book is simple, clear, practical. Mr. Nicholas has been a meditator for several years and credits meditation with being largely responsible for his ability to be energetic and productive.

IT BELONGS TO YOU ALONE

With A.M., unlike other forms of meditation such as TM, there are no gurus, rituals or secret words assigned to you by someone else. You choose your own silent meditative sound from a list of over 90. You pay no homage to any Eastern guru or mystical cult. All the benefits and value belong to you alone.

NO EXPENSIVE COURSES

You learn everything you need to know, through this easy to follow how to book. It's printed in large type and so simplified you hardly know you're even reading.

What The Reviewers Say

"A.M. is to a whole life existence what lab is to chemistry." — **Edwin T. Grandy**

"Differs from other books ... in attitude, lack of pretention, and approach. May be best book on subject. Is most practical." — **Morpheus Enterprises Ltd.**

"Only book that actually shows and teaches how to meditate. Approaches a normally complicated subject with ease and simplicity. Nicholas in a clear and concise style accomplishes his intended purpose of bringing meditation to all people. ... Releases stored up thoughts and feelings — tensions allowed to flow out. ... Foremost function is to put the mind at peace. Sense of being at peace — at one with the universe. ... I was impressed with lack of pressure the author places on individual — he is concerned with meditator being gentle with himself. Reader is allowed to relax without being pressured to do so. ... Shows how to unite body and mind and relieve pressures of society." — **Baltimore News American**

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Baltic Questions

Why do Russian planes patrol
So close to Danish shores?
Why is Baltic shipping dogged
By Russian commodores?
Why do Russian subs presume
The Kattegat's their own?
Why are Danes disquieted?
Lord Nelson would have known.

W. H. VON DREELE

the support of 30 per cent of the non-organized employees.

■ Those people whose job it is to ensure our military competency are beginning to see right through the platitudes of detente to the Soviet Union's apparent policy of "one, two, many Angolas." Recently Congress voted to allocate to the defense budget even more money than President Ford had requested. Then the Defense Manpower Commission, created by Congress in 1973 to study the rising costs of military manpower, brought in a report arguing that in view of "the continuing Soviet military buildup" the United States must expect to maintain its military force of 2.1 million men and its one million civilians in the Department of Defense. The Commission criticized the Ford Administration for its decision to make drastic budget cuts in the standby Selective Service System, which cuts—it warned—threaten to emasculate our preparedness system. Finally, Major General James L. Brown, deputy chief of staff for intelligence of the Strategic Air Command, warned that the Soviet Union has made improvements in its strategic weapons that will allow it to break the present nuclear balance, and give the USSR superiority within a decade. The principal improvements in the Soviet offensive nuclear force include three new missile types, a lengthened model of the Delta submarine outfitted to carry long-range missiles, the first of the long-range Backfire bombers, and more than 200 new ICBMs. It is sobering—and rather embarrassing—to discover that all of these Soviet improvements fall within the limits on strategic nuclear delivery vehicles set by the Vladivostok agreement signed by President Ford and Leonid Brezhnev in November of 1974.

■ Apparently speaking on his own, in a speech prepared by his personal staff and not by the State Department, Nelson Rockefeller told a West German audience that the Soviet Union now confronts the free world with a "complex form of imperialism, a mixture of czarism and Marxism with colonial appendages. Whether we like it or not, a continuing attempt is under way to organize the world into a new empire in which the Soviet sun never sets." He called for a stronger alliance among independent nations and a faster rebuilding of their naval power. Why did he say it? Is he striking out on his own political course, scuttling Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger? Is he trying to ingratiate the Ford Administration with the Republican Right? Or does he just think, after all, that it needs saying? One must not rule out this possibility.

■ In the week following the apparent suicide of Ulrike Meinhof—co-leader of the ultra-Marxist Baader-Meinhof gang of urban terrorists—sympathizers set off demonstrations in West Berlin, riots in Frankfurt, and bombs in Paris, and flung Molotov cocktails at the German academy in Rome. All of these actions no doubt were intended to show that the charges against Meinhof were obviously trumped-up. Meanwhile, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, those ideological caricatures, signed a statement saying that Meinhof's death recalled the horrors of the Nazi rule. In fact, she and other gang members had been incarcerated for an unprecedented three years before their trial even began; but then Meinhof was serving an eight-year term anyway. Ironically, however, West Germany's new arrest and detention laws were instituted precisely because of the bombings, killings, and kidnappings carried out by, primarily, the Baader-Meinhof gang.

■ "Signs of Dissent Absent in Taiwan: Political Quiet Is Attributed to Repression Coupled with Positive Leadership," said the headline in the *New York Times*. As you read through the article, you learn that there is actually very little repression in Taiwan—and even less political corruption. Also, says the *Times*, "The evident economic progress here and the average citizen's share in it have clearly diminished any drive for dissent against the government, according to most sources." The *Times* account failed to mention a further consideration that may help reconcile the Taiwanese to the defects of their present government, such as they may be. They know more than the rest of us about the nature of the regime, poised only a few miles across the waters of a narrow strait, that is the only available alternative.

■ From a final report by Paul L. Seitz, ex-Bishop of Kontum, South Vietnam, to the friends overseas who have supported his missionary activities: "Everything happened as in a nightmare; the crumbling of the South was murderous, immense, and brutal. The Montagnards, like the rest, foundered in the storm. The refugees, having fled from Communism during the past years, were categorized as 'enemies of the people' and treated as such. Twenty thousand of them were obliged to return—on foot, in the majority of cases—to their old villages, long since reduced to ashes. Once more abandoning everything, and with only a simple basket on their back, they left for the hard labor of road building or the communal rice fields. Undernourished, without medical care, rediscovering with shock the cold of a higher altitude at the

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start of the rainy season, they were ravaged by death; we know of villages where the death rate rose to 30 and 40 per cent. . . . A tamed North Vietnamese bishop with 65 priests has already taken over. Thus, the curtain falls at the end of one act and rises on another. 'God writes straight on crooked lines,' says a Portuguese proverb . . . Just as we set off at the Call of the Master at the time of our youth for the most beautiful adventure that it is given to man to experience, so today we are ready to journey through a night without stars . . . with heavy heart certainly, but without despair, in hope against hope that nothing is lost, that one day known to God, the stars will shine again."

■ Remembering, perhaps, the old Jewish stricture against revealing tribal secrets to the *goyim*, the American Jewish Committee, which held its annual meeting in Washington, D.C. last week, closed to the press a hearing on the image of Israel in the United States. However, the subject bobbed up at a number of other sessions, all of which revealed a good deal of concern for the matter on the part of the participants. James Marshall, a New York lawyer, said that "younger people will not be so intensely, so emotionally involved in Israel" as their parents and grandparents. Irving Howe argued that "not an insignificant minority" of Jews are "troubled by policies regarding the West Bank, South Africa, Arabs living in Israel, and so on." Bertram Gold, the Committee's executive director, pointed out the "notable erosion of Israel's image" among Christians and "a growing separation between Christians and Jewish agencies." Meanwhile, at the annual assembly of the World Health Organization in Geneva, a motion brought by India on behalf of Arab nations and other losers prevented Israel's image from acquiring too high a gloss by refusing to consider the report of an "expert committee." That report claimed that since 1967 the oppressed of the West Bank have suffered "slow but steady" health gains.

■ Psychiatrist Alvin Poussaint of Harvard was chagrined when 16 of the twenty prominent black leaders invited on a trip to China that he was organizing refused. The reason they generally gave was that they were protesting the Chinese invitation to Richard Nixon earlier this year. The Chinese, says Poussaint, will never understand it since "they are great admirers of Martin Luther King and sang 'We Shall Overcome' for me in Chinese when I was there." That last is a mind-boggling thought, and could get them executed.

■ Who do you suppose maintains seventy museums and has an art collection of 13,500 pieces valued at $4 million? The U.S. Army.

■ And another major reform has been instituted by the Postal Service. Having listened conscientiously to the complaints that poorly informed citizens are inclined to make, and having minutely examined its $15-billion operation, the Postal Service has found a way to speed the mail along: it has ordered postmen to cut across people's lawns. Citizens who object are permitted to write the postmaster requesting that the postman go back to using the sidewalk.

■ Mr. Joseph R. Wright Jr., who is in charge of trimming paperwork costs in the Department of Agriculture, has published an annual report applauding his success in his duties, at a cost of five thousand dollars.

■ You will be relieved to know that the House Agriculture Committee has voted to give the Secretary of Agriculture power to prohibit the importation of bee semen, a measure designed to keep out those "killer bees." "Just how do you obtain honeybee semen?" asked Representative Walter Jones (D., N.C.), which happens to be exactly what we wanted to know. "I'm sorry to say I don't know," replied the AgDep expert giving testimony. "If the gentleman doesn't know about bees, does he know about birds?" another congressman asked. No answer. Measure passed. We'll always wonder.

■ No commentator seems to have noticed, but it is a fact that Messrs. Woodward and Bernstein, in *The Final Days*, describe Richard Nixon entering his White House bedroom wherein await his slippers, his pajamas, and, on his writing table, his *pipe and tobacco.* Maybe the missing eighteen-and-a-half minute tape recorded the noises of Nixon *smoking a pipe*! Is there a way to *return* a Pulitzer Prize?

■ Detecting a small but ominous reversion to normal human life, the ACLU has called for an immediate end to prayer in the classrooms of several Carroll County, Maryland schools.

The Meaning of Michigan

In both major parties a revolution has been under way for the last six months, picking up momentum at one point, losing it at another, but always regathering its forces. This, of course, is not a revolution *à la* 1789, complete with abstract theory and guillotine, but the kind of periodic renovation Jefferson had in mind when he made his famous remark—an older establishment, grown sclerotic in power, coming under assault from new forces and obligated either to come to terms or to give way altogether.

An important article in *Business Week* (May 17) called "The Second War between the States" describes some of the principal forces behind the present revolution. *Item:* "Since 1970 population in the booming South and Southwest has grown six times as fast as in the Great Lakes region and ten times as fast as in the combined Midwest and New England regions. . . . Since

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1970 . . . burgeoning economic opportunity—especially in the South and Southwest but also in the Plains States—greatly retarded the outflow [of population] and accelerated the inflow." *Item:* "Continued economic decline and fiscal crisis is likely for cities and states of the industrial North. Data show that by 1972 the per capita income of Charlotte, North Carolina, among Southern cities, had exceeded that of New York City as well as that of most other large cities of the Northeast and Midwest, from Hartford to Milwaukee." *Item:* "Capital from the Northeast and Midwest has financed the industrial expansion of the South. On a regional basis, therefore, the North may well be running a balance-of-payment deficit against the rest of the country." *Item:* "The second war between the states will take the form of political and economic maneuver. But the conflict can nonetheless be bitter and divisive because it will be a struggle for income, jobs, people, and capital."

Shifts of population, wealth, and human energy at length find their political expression, and now in the insurgent candidacies of Carter and Reagan the new forces at large in the nation batter against the old political and ideological Establishments.

The Democratic and Republican Establishments might have taken heed and made the required accommodations. Such perceptiveness, however, seems foreign to the nature of Establishments. The Ford political team, oblivious to all that was taking place in the configuration of forces, tried to resurrect the old Republican Northeast-Midwest axis. We had Rockefeller, Laird, Goodell, Richardson, and a host of others—and a set of ambiguous policies to match. Glacially slow to move on social issues like busing, the Ford Establishment seemed comatose before the opportunities that were opening. The continuing and apparently influential presence in the Administration of such an egregious pro-buser as J. Stanley Pottinger—even now opposing the modest anti-busing move proposed by Attorney General Levi—represents an unmistakable symptom of political senescence.

On the Democratic side, the Establishment was, if anything, even more complacent, ignoring on grounds of dubious principle the storm signals sent up by the Wallace vote in 1968 and 1972.

This year, beginning in New Hampshire, Jimmy Carter marched through the assorted Establishment candidates as if they were so many soap bubbles, and virtually assured himself of the nomination by his climactic victory in Pennsylvania. In Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, and Nebraska, the older forces made a stand behind various improbable candidates. The essential weakness of the Establishment, however, is sufficiently indicated by the fact that in Maryland its banner was carried by, of all people, the Zen minimalist Jerry Brown.

After his Pennsylvania victory, Carter may have made a serious tactical error in evoking the endorsement of Establishment types like Leonard Woodcock and Henry Ford II. It is difficult to imagine that they did him any good in the Michigan primary, which he won narrowly, and their embrace damaged his "outsider" identity. Carter probably should have clung to that identity, which has carried him this far, as long as he possibly could before making his peace with the defeated Establishment barons. Nevertheless, though this will cost him some leverage, it can hardly keep him from the nomination.

The Reagan revolution shows a slightly different pattern. Shored up by his incumbency, Ford withstood the first wave of the assault in New Hampshire and Florida. Beginning in North Carolina, however, the next Reagan surge carried through a string of primaries including Texas, Indiana, and Nebraska—and nearly swept Ford aside. Reagan became the front runner, and Ford's campaign manager Rogers Morton began to make mournful noises about being a passenger on the Titanic. Now, in the important Midwest state of Michigan—"old" Republican, trending Democratic—Ford has slowed the Reagan momentum once again. In the next series of contests, however, the revolution is virtually certain to gather for another assault. Reagan will be favored in Nevada, Idaho, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, South Dakota, and probably in California. Ford can count on Ohio, New Jersey, and Rhode Island. Oregon is a toss-up.

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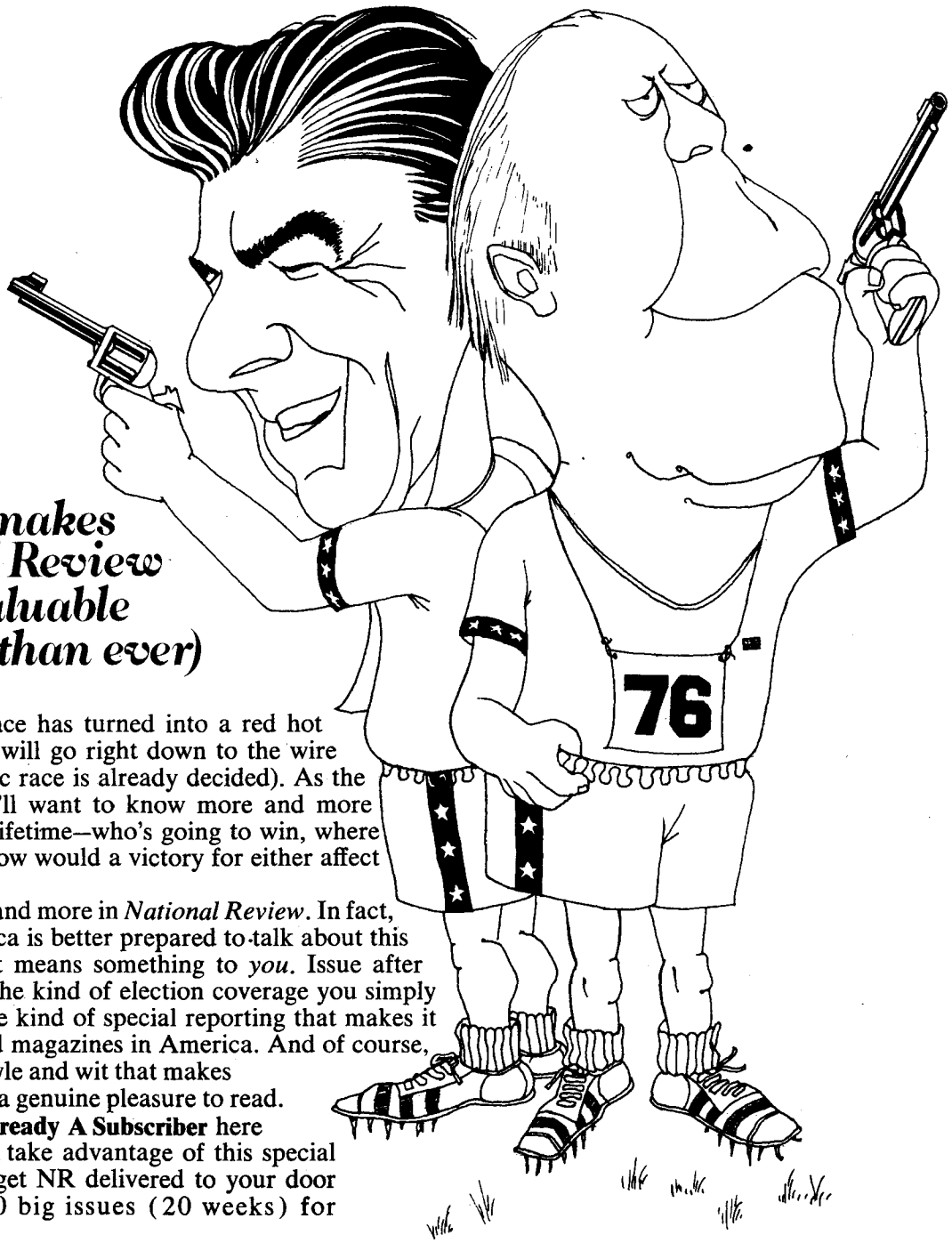
Things Are Really Getting Exciting Now!



(...and that makes National Review more valuable to you than ever)

The Republican race has turned into a red hot duel that looks like it will go right down to the wire (even if the Democratic race is already decided). As the excitement grows you'll want to know more and more about this battle-of-a-lifetime—who's going to win, where *do* they really stand, how would a victory for either affect *your* life?

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The final outcome of all this on the Republican side cannot be foreseen. Such a struggle could cripple the eventual Republican candidate, or it could—at last—bring the new forces into a re-shaped Republican coalition. Why the Ford team chose to ignore the new forces instead of attempting to co-opt and lead them will no doubt be the subject of much reflection and analysis. Suffice it to say that neither party will be the same again.

Of, by, and for the People?

Maybe we ought to have national elections every year. It does seem that the election atmosphere has a stimulating effect on the auditory nerves of candidates both incumbent and aspiring: somehow they seem better able to hear both complaints and hopes.

Witness notably, at the moment, the report that U.S. Solicitor General (and *NR* contributor) Robert Bork will probably file "friend of the court" briefs asking the Supreme Court to reverse some of Judge Arthur W. Garrity's orders requiring coercive busing in the Boston school system and to reconsider its own 1971 ruling that upheld coercive busing in North Carolina. It has been further reported that President and candidate Ford has also directed Attorney General Edward H. Levi to look around for "an appropriate and proper case" in connection with which he could call on the Supreme Court to "re-examine" the role of busing in the integration of schools.

Deliberate racial discrimination in the public school system, the documentation of which may justify *some* of Judge Garrity's rulings, is no longer an issue in this country. It has been outlawed not only by the courts, legislature, and Executive, but by a broad consensus of the citizens. Forced (coercive) busing of school children in the effort—almost always vain—to achieve some abstract mathematical ideal of racial integration has no such status. It is, in general, a product of arbitrary judicial fiat. It has no convincing foundation in legislation. There is no indication that the Executive, national or state, would ever institute coercive busing, apart from judicial decree. There is no dispute over the palpable fact that the overwhelming majority of the affected citizens oppose coercive busing.

We were hearing a lot, a while back, about "the imperial Presidency," and, more lately, about "congressional usurpation." The founders of our system of government, in their wisdom, did not believe any man or institution to be exempt from the seductions of power. That was why they devised a Constitution in which the three principal branches of government would have independent roots of power and would therefore be able to check each other's excesses. And they believed the possibility of *judicial* tyranny was at least as real, and as dangerous to a free people, as any other form. In the matter of their intrusions into the educational system, this danger has become clear and present. It is time to remind the judicial branch that it is only one limited partner within a form of government designed to be, in its foundation, of, by, and for the people.

Yes, but . . .

If you shut your eyes when Gerald Ford is giving a speech about the evils of government regulation of business, you could easily imagine it was Milton Friedman talking (and for all we know the words may even *be* Milton Friedman's). Government regulatory agencies have been the favorite whipping boys of the Ford Administration. From the President and his spokesmen we have learned how these agencies interfere with free competition, foster inefficiency, raise prices to consumers, smother corporations in red tape, run up huge administrative expenses, and cost the citizens unnecessary billions of dollars yearly. Raising the signal for an anti-regulatory jihad, the President swore he was going to whittle the regulatory agencies down to size or do away with them altogether.

Alas, in this quest, the President ends faintheartedly. Since his accession to office, all the regulatory agencies without exception have gone merrily along their accustomed way; indeed, most have expanded both the scope of their activities and the size of their staffs. No regulatory agencies in history have grown at the pace of the new Federal Energy Agency and the Environmental Protection Agency.

There has just been completed a perfect test case of the relation between the Ford theory and the Ford practice of government deregulation. For six months the White House has been studying the regulations that hamstring the development of Cable TV, block it from competing freely with the over-the-air broadcasters, and prevent it from realizing its rich and varied creative potential. In January the staff of the House Communications subcommittee, which had been analyzing the Cable TV issue for some while, completed a report concluding that the restrictions on Cable TV imposed by the Federal Communications Commission gave the established broadcasting industry a shield against competition that is improper, illegal, and unconstitutional.

The Cruelest Cut

T. R. toppled Howard Taft;
  Wilhelm "dropped the pilot";
Hitler ordered Rommel's end
  When he wouldn't heil it;
Burton's through with Liz (again);
  Frankie potted Johnny;
But I thought I'd *never* see
  Barry belting Ronnie.

W. H. von Dreele

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On April 7 the White House announced a decision against recommending any legislation that would lift the restrictions on Cable TV.

An official spokesman of the White House 1) acknowledged that there has been great pressure from the broadcasters aimed at stopping the Administration from making any legislative proposal for deregulation, and 2) denied that this pressure influenced the ultimate decision. Mark each of those propositions T for true and F for false, and send your ballot to your favorite opinion pollster.

The Mideast: Is Peace Possible?

Peace between two contending parties is possible only when they can agree to a settlement of the major disputes outstanding between them. They may not like the settlement. It may be accepted only because one of them has been crushed by force or because both are exhausted by prolonged conflict. There can be a ceasefire or truce without a settlement. But not a genuine peace.

The militant Arabs—including Yasir Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), which has become widely recognized as their leadership—have not yet given convincing assurance that they have abandoned their formerly proclaimed goal of driving Israel into the sea. Until such assurance is forthcoming, Israel cannot make peace.

Israel has not yet given convincing assurance that she will ever voluntarily abandon the greater part of the territories occupied in the 1967 war, in particular the West Bank of the Jordan. On the contrary, Israel has already established 68 settlements, presumptively permanent, in the occupied West Bank, and has just announced plans for a new series of large-scale settlements therein. Not long ago, when new West Bank Israeli settlers asked Prime Minister Rabin what their crops should be, he told them: "Plant olives." Olive trees, as Mediterranean peoples know, do not even begin to bear fruit for a decade, and live on for centuries. The inference to be drawn about Israel's intentions concerning the occupied West Bank are sufficiently obvious. And therefore, since the Arabs have no assurance that Israel will ever voluntarily return the major part of the occupied territories—have, in fact, ample indication that she does not intend to—the Arabs cannot make peace.

In the last months the issue of the West Bank has taken the center of the Mideast stage. After eight years of relative quiescence under stern but relatively enlightened Israeli rule, the eternally latent hatred of the occupied for the occupier is stirring. Two months ago Arab nationalists (mostly PLO) swept all the local elections. Mass Arab demonstrations and riots protesting new Israeli incursions and settlement plans have been met by harsh police and military countermeasures. A number of Arabs, several of them young and apparently only bystanders, have been killed. These West Bank clashes may be leading Israel toward a crisis more threatening than any of her outright wars.

It would be a crisis from which the United States could not stand aside. The *Washington Post* has summed up the prospect: "The fight over [the unauthorized Kadum settlement] is petty next to the confrontation between Israel and the United States that will inevitably have to take place over the authorized settlements. For no realistic person can deny that current Israeli settlement policy balks achievement of any peace that an Arab government could conceivably accept. . . . Israelis who tell themselves—and others who tell Israelis—that they can have great chunks of pre-1967 Arab territory *and* peace are indulging in a cruel deception."

Time on the Church

The voice of God has been heard in unlikely places, and perhaps the Time-Life Building is no more incredible than a burning bush. It may be, then, that *Time* is as authoritative as it thinks it is in looking over the recent turmoil in the Catholic Church, and seeing that it is good.

First, the big picture: *Time* notes the obvious, that the Catholic Church ain't what she used to be ("The fortress has crumbled"). The old rules and rites have changed. Furthermore, Catholics have changed: many are, as the article notes without irony and even with sympathy, "resentful" of the Church's authority over "their private lives." After all, the Second Vatican Council had created "rising expectations for change" and held out the hope that Catholics might have "more freedom." Then—boom!—*Humanae Vitae* "shattered" the dream.

And on and on: "A number of Catholics" feel this, "many Catholics" think so-and-so, "the majority of Catholics" do such-and-such: all ultimately dovetailing into the patterns of "renewal" and of the "less authoritarian style" *Time* prescribes.

It may not be amiss to remind the world that if Catholic teaching could be summed up and extrapolated from as coarsely as this, the bishops might hold their councils in the streets, whooping and tossing their mitres into the air to signify that an article of faith had been defined to their satisfaction.

But the real question that emerges from *Time*'s cover story is why there should be bishops at all. Or why there should be a Catholic Church. For, says *Time*, the "dilemma" facing the Pope and the bishops is this: "how to guide those who seem to need authority without alienating those who cherish their freedom." One gathers that "those who seem to need authority" are mostly old-timers, unused to coping with personal responsibility, who like to be told what to do. Thus the problem is apparently how to tell *them* what to do without seeming to tell "those who cherish their freedom"—and presumably *don't* "need authority"—what to do. The obvious solu-

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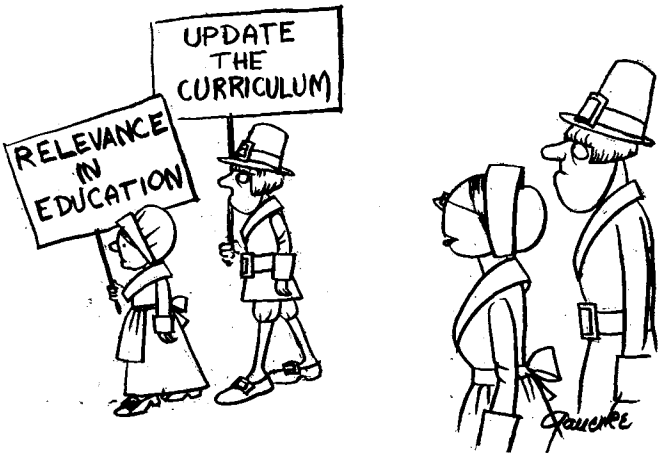

"I don't know what our youth are coming to. Now, they're demanding a course in American History."

tion is an episcopal suggestion box, whose contents would be constantly available to the weak and perplexed.

The trouble is that the Catholic Church has been based pretty solidly, and for a long time, on quite different grounds: the notion that *all* men "need authority," and that *certain* men have been commissioned to wield it; and furthermore, that they wield it by authoritative command, and *not*, in the last analysis, by persuading or coaxing those subject to them, however desirable these means may be in securing peaceful compliance; that they have the prerogative of directing even "private lives"—nay, that this is their special domain, since the power to forgive sins and admit men to the sacraments (or exclude them therefrom) is about as intimate a form of authority of one man over another as it is possible to conceive. Large claims, which it is certainly plausible to reject—or else faith would not be asserted by those who have it to be among the first of virtues. What is idiotic is to object to the Catholic Church for being Catholic, and to find it in a healthy condition insofar as it becomes less Catholic—unless, of course, you would take comfort from its abolition.

'Thinking Person's Politician'

—That is what columnist George Will calls Senator James Buckley, in the course of praising legislation Buckley has proposed which would permit parents a tax deduction of up to $1,000 for each dependent paying tuition to a private school on the primary, secondary, or college level.

Affluent families, of course, can always seek alternatives to public education. Most families, however, already taxed to support the public system, cannot afford such alternatives. Senator Buckley's measure would provide relief tailored to the needs of these families, and would also assist private colleges in their present losing competition with tax-supported public institutions.

"Buckley is asking the government to administer a bit of antitrust to itself," writes Will. "Government supplies an enormous, dominating share of our society's schooling. And in the process it dries up much of society's resources for funding alternative schooling. Buckley wants government to replenish the pool of resources by giving partial compensation to persons who do government the favor of opting out of its near-monopoly . . . Buckley's bill is the most important consumer legislation on the national agenda."

In the Steps of Peter Fechter

From the *Christian Science Monitor*, April 28: "It was just turning light when Michael Gartenschläger finally got the device loose, pulled it over the fence, and climbed down the ladder. He moved quickly across the fifty feet of open space covered with stubbled grass to his partner waiting in a pine grove just inside West Germany.

"A silent but triumphant nod said he had done it—safely defused and demounted one of the lethal automatic shooting devices of the 873-mile wide border between East and West Germany. Other stretches of the border are sealed with East German mines, barbed wire, and even vicious dogs. . . .

" 'This border is a devil's work, impossible in the twentieth century,' [Gartenschläger told the *Monitor*'s David Mutch] in a quiet controlled voice. A reticent and calm man, one realized he had risked his life in a calculated and measured way to show in graphic detail the lethal intent of the still and silent border.

"The border fence turned a corner where we stood, and it was possible to see a cross-section of how it looks approaching from the east side. First there is a clear strip of land, then a road of loose rocks for the patrols. Then a six-foot deep barrier trench sloped on one side and steep on the other to prevent vehicles from crashing the fence. Then there is a fifty-foot stretch of soft land that is plowed weekly. A person crossing in either direction would make footprints, and the incident could be detected and investigated. And then the 12-foot fence with the shooting devices. One estimate is that the 'modern border' costs $400,000 a kilometer to build."

From the *New York Times*, May 2: "A personal campaign by a 32-year-old West German to dismantle deadly anti-escape devices at the East German border apparently ended in his death in a hail of gunfire, the West German Government reported. Michael Gartenschläger . . ."

Cultural Arrogance Revisited

A year ago, Tom Wicker allowed as how what was going on in Cambodia might not be quite as bad as what was going on in Chile, but it seemed mighty harsh all the same. Then he added that even if the new regime did

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abolish inequality and exploitation, "the question must still be asked whether the human cost of achieving such a 'sound, clean' society is not too great, whether it is not at least as great as the human cost of the admittedly corrupt societies of the individual?" In short, may not *they* be as bad as (gulp) *us*? "This is a question," he concluded philosophically, "on which people of different eras and cultures and character have argued endlessly, to which there can be no one certain answer for all."

One year later, this remains Tom Wicker's last word on Cambodia. Back to Chile.

Then there's Tony Lewis, smarter and tougher than Wicker, with ten times as much sheer effrontery. At the time the atrocity stories began coming out, he warned against the "cultural arrogance" of judging the new regime by "Western assumptions." (Not "convictions" or "principles," be it noted: unthinking "assumptions.") For a long time thereafter Lewis kept most becomingly quiet on the whole grisly subject, and one had nearly concluded that he had been embarrassed by subsequent events. Not at all. In a recent column he lays the blame on Nixon and Kissinger, whose Cambodian policies he terms "very likely the most flagrant presidential violation of the Constitution in our history." And now look: "The end result has been not only to decimate Cambodia but to give it one of the most xenophobic governments on earth, hating outsiders and reportedly imposing terrible cruelties on its own people."

Lewis has now in effect answered Wicker's question *both* ways: at first the new Cambodian regime (he never calls it "Communist") was presumably good—we had no right to judge it by our own squeamish standards; now that it is incontrovertibly murderous, Lewis blames us for installing it. Heads they win, tails we lose. And note that "reportedly": even now there is something in Lewis that insists on giving the murderers the last possible benefit of the doubt.

Samuel Eliot Morison, R I P

Some people were turned off by Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, a.k.a. Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, when it leaked out that his naval history of the Second World War would come to 15 volumes. Very few people will sit down and read 15 volumes of naval history, and not a few people are tempted to think that anyone who would write 15 volumes of naval history is somebody who can't think of anything more interesting to do. But of course Morison wasn't that way at all. Without having read the 15 volumes, one can say with absolute assurance that they are literate, authoritative—of course—and Churchillian in their zest and theatrical flair. Morison was an activist who cultivated the imagination, so that when he wrote, whether about the battle for Okinawa, or the maritime history of Massachusetts, or indeed the history of the United States, or the expeditions of Lewis and Clark, or of Magellan, or of Columbus, he was as nearly there as one could manage to be given the chronological rigidities. He was distinguished, among other things, for writing books people enjoy reading. His natural flair for scholarship permitted him, like Macaulay, to be at once readable and academically formidable. He was a scholar who knew his way among the stacks as well as any troglodyte of the academy, but all of life and its adventures were his research, and for that reason, when he wrote his magnificent history of America, he was pre-eminently qualified to bring off an account of the country that produced him.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

It is irresistible for this language instructor to overlook your rare slip in syntax in your column "On the Right" [April 2].

In commenting on the struggle for reforms in Spain you wrote: "What do you call it when an assembly of citizens gathers outdoors to protest the high cost of living without a license—and nobody bothers them?"

Imagine the cost of living WITH a license!

Cordially,
(Mrs.) Marilyn J. Crist
San Marcos, California

Nolo contendere. —WFB

■ To the Editor:

William F. Buckley's high sense of moralism is his Achilles' heel. He falls into the trap of seeing matters, however complex, as right *or* wrong, good *or* bad. He takes the National Council of Teachers of English to task ["On the Right," May 28] for recommending the use of plural pronouns with indefinite pronouns (everyone, anyone, etc.) when those words refer to groups including members of both sexes. According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "the pronoun referring to *everyone* is often plural: the absence of a singular pronoun of common gender rendering this violation of grammatical concord sometimes necessary."

If Mr. Buckley wants to disagree with the *OED*, that's his privilege. But anyone as authoritarian as he is will surely understand if we side with the *OED* . . .

Sincerely,
Robert F. Hogan
Executive Secretary
National Council of Teachers of English
Urbana, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hogan: You aren't siding with the *OED*, you

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are co-opting it for your *evil* purposes. *"Everyone was happy. They raised their glasses in a toast to the winning team."* Okay. But *your* proposal to extend that license so as to be able to say, *"Everyone requires food. Otherwise, they will starve,"* is *not* okayed by the *OED*, since "he" in this case clearly represents both sexes, as in, "he who laughs last, laughs best." Ho ho ho. Sincerely, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently purchased your book *Inveighing We Will Go*, and—forgive me—it fell apart! Now I am sure your hardcover books do not do this but, being 15 and having access to limited funds, I bought the paperback version.

You can imagine my dismay when, after 15 or so pages, each subsequent page fluttered to the floor. This can get to be a problem, especially when one reads in school. The bell rings and a score of people trample over some of your finest selections.

I was sitting outside reading on a particularly warm day when, after my attention was sufficiently distracted, the page I had been reading flew off into the sunset. I did run after it and managed to grab it following an exhilarating run.

My reason for writing this letter is to inform you of my mishap. Possibly you could get in contact with your publishers, Putnam, and ask them to secure their bindings better. Really, the condition of your books surprisingly reflects on you! One of my more liberal teachers found one of the pages to your book and when I said who wrote it the teacher looked at the decrepit condition of your book and said, "It figures, HIS books DO fall apart." Our relations have never been the same.

Well, I managed to get through the whole book and thought it marvelous. It encouraged me to buy: *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, *The Committee and Its Critics*, *Saving the Queen*, and *Execution Eve*. The last two purchases were a splurge on my part and the first two I bought at a second-hand bookstore. I thought them all great and they substantiated and helped to define my already conservative views. I also subscribe to your magazine.

I was wondering how I can purchase your 25th Anniversary Issue? I read part of it in our library and would myself like a copy.

Is this a "fan letter"? You can say that as I both admire and enjoy both you and your afflatus.

Sincerely,
Bill Pavlovich
West Springfield, Massachusetts

P.S.: I enclose the cover which fell off your book *Inveighing We Will Go* in the hopes that you would autograph it.

Dear Bill: Since we are only 21 years old, and you have absorbed the contents of our 25th Anniversary Issue, clearly it is you who's got the afflatus. We'll pass the word along to Putnam, and replace your copy. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Made it through Moscow customs even though the officials stopped us to "inspect" our reading material. NATIONAL REVIEW's 20th Anniversary Issue made it. Is this a good or bad sign?

Best regards,
Charlotte McLaughlin
Moscow

■ Memo to: WFB
From: John Syze

The enclosed, received in the mail today, will amuse you. Please tell Mr. Wayne there is no technical way we can manage to keep him from receiving his own exhortations.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s "Bargain" offer

☐ Yes, Mr. Buckley, I will try **National Review** for the next 26 weeks (13 issues) at the introductory rate of $6.95. If I do not like your magazine, then I won't renew when the time comes; on the other hand, **if I do, I will.**
☐ I prefer a full year (26 issues) now at the regular $15.00 rate
☐ Better yet, I'll take your 38 issue rate of just $19.95. (You get more than one-and-a-half years of **National Review**!)

☐ **Payment enclosed** (Many thanks!) ☐ **Bill me later** ☐ **Mr. Buckley: No thanks—I won't even try National Review.**

☐ **This is a new subscription** ☐ **This is a renewal**

Please, Bill, take us for an answer

MR JOHN WAYNE
9570 WILSHIRE BLV
BEVERLY HILLS CA 90212

John Wayne

Please return this card without delay—a postpaid envelope has been provided for your convenience.

JOHN WAYNE

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Read a copy and you'll see what I mean.

John Wayne

—WFB

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The Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine: III

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE CHANGE in doctrine during the Kissinger years has been sweeping. Consider the shift in the primary—the Soviet—factor.

Before: 1) The Soviet government, even in its relation to the Russian nation, is illegitimate.

2) The Soviet government, in its doubly oppressive relation to the non-Russian nationalities within the Soviet boundaries, is doubly illegitimate. These nations have the right of self-determination.

3) The Communist governments of the nations brought under Soviet hegemony at the end of World War II are triply illegitimate. They were imposed by the Soviet army and police, without sanction in history, law, or popular will. These nations ought to be sovereign, free, and independent, with governments chosen by their own citizens.

After: The new doctrine recognizes and accepts the legitimacy of: 1) the Soviet government as ruler of both Russia and the non-Russian nationalities; 2) the Communist regimes in the East European nations; 3) Soviet hegemony over the East European nations.

History, as usual, provided an unmistakable symbol of the change. The summit conference of all European nations East and West plus the U.S. gathered in Helsinki to ratify the new doctrine—this being the meaning of the accord they signed there—in the same week of the same month in which, 16 years earlier, the U.S. Congress had voted the "Captive Nations Resolution" that had embodied the older doctrine.

The captive nations resolution declares that "the imperialistic and aggressive policies of Russian Communism have resulted in the creation of a vast empire which poses a dire threat to the security of the U.S. and of all the free peoples of the world." They have led to "the subjugation of the national independence of . . ." (it lists the subjugated nations). "It is vital to the national security of the U.S. [to keep alive those nations'] desire for liberty and independence." There should be made "manifest to such peoples the historic fact that the people of the U.S. share with them their aspirations for the recovery of their freedom and independence." The President "is authorized and requested to issue a proclamation" designating as "Captive Nations Week" the third week in July of 1959 "and each year until such time as freedom and independence shall have been achieved for all the captive nations."

Before Helsinki

The Presidents did in fact issue the authorized and requested proclamation each July until July 1975, in which month the captive nations resolution was quietly buried by the Spirit of Helsinki.

It is true that this country did more talking than acting about freedom for the captive nations, but nevertheless we did considerably more than nothing. There were even a few years—from 1949 to 1952 or so—when we pursued, sporadically, a "policy of liberation." Moreover, although the policy of containment that became the guide of the "cold war" did not make liberation a direct tactical aim, it incorporated the perspective of liberation affirmed in the captive nations resolution. The embargo on strategic exports to Communist nations, the welcome given to defectors, the pre-detente line taken by Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, the Free Europe University, and not a few rather formidable covert operations gave expression to support of "their aspirations for the recovery of their freedom and independence."

If we expand the temporal perspective, the novelty of the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt (Helsinki) doctrine becomes even more striking. The implications of the Helsinki accord break with the outlook not merely of the preceding generation but of more than a thousand years of Western civilization. Never before have Western spokesmen allocated East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia (Bohemia), Hungary, and Rumania to "the scope and area of natural interest" and "geopolitical influence" of a nation or empire to their east.

These were the marches, the frontier posts defending the West against the hordes that issued from the eastern steppes and deserts. Often enough the frontiersmen had been defeated, but their conquerors had never been able to crush "their aspirations for the recovery of their freedom and independence." For the classic geopoliticians, there was no question of their falling within the "natural" field of an empire to their east. Their lands were the variable that determined the geopolitical equation: Who rules Bohemia commands the Heartland; who rules the Heartland commands the World Island; who rules the World Island commands the World.

These are not matters of abstract history; they have direct strategic application. These "aspirations for the recovery of their freedom and independence" are the critical deterrent to a Soviet attack on Western Europe. The Red Army advancing into Western Europe would have the now-captive nations across its lines of communication. Of course, if the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt doctrine succeeds in reconciling the captive nations to their lot, this will no longer be a worry for the Soviet High Command.

Choosing the Enemy

In the last analysis, a foreign policy is determined by the choice of enemy. Persia, Carthage, Islam, France, the Ottoman Empire, Spain, Germany, Japan . . . When the choice is made, the basic form (or model) of the foreign policy and its supporting military and economic structures is determined. If no choice is made (naturally it does not have to be made as explicitly as Cato chose Carthage), foreign policy becomes passive—merely responding to events instead of shaping them—and incoherent. Positions must be hurriedly improvised. Rational advance planning of strategies, alliances, weapons programs becomes impossible, since the purpose is unclear. You suddenly invent an African program to patch a crumbling election campaign or sell weapons to bolster the foreign trade balance. You flounder.

The Soviet Union has no doubts about the identity of its enemy. From what Secretary Kissinger declared in Lusaka, our choice is Rhodesia. □

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WAR AGAINST TIME

A year ago Indochina went down the drain. Four weeks ago General Dung, who masterminded the climactic battle, confirmed Mr. Hannah's cogent analysis. The U.S. lost because it used counterinsurgency tactics to fight a war of aggression

Vietnam: Now We Know

NORMAN HANNAH

READERS OF General Westmoreland's book, *A Soldier Reports* (Doubleday, 456 pp., $12.95), may approach it from two different angles. Some may see it as what it is on its face: a personal military memoir of the sort written by many distinguished military men—or politicians or diplomats, for that matter. Others may read the book in search of the missing link in the American policy and strategy in Indochina—the missing link that might have spanned the gap between means and ends, between E for Effort and V for Victory.

The organization and style of the book favor the former group of readers, interested in an account of a generation of staggering military change as reflected in the life and experiences of one of the leading professionals of the period. Those who are looking for what went wrong in Vietnam will have harder going, but if they are prepared to *study* the book rather than skim it, they will find some clues between the lines.

Those who read the book as a memoir will be struck by General Westmoreland's calm, embracing manner, his patent dedication to his job and his country. He is a "straight arrow." Naturally, the war in Vietnam absorbs at least three-fourths of the book and no doubt the General feels as if Vietnam had consumed three-fourths of his life-force. This is characteristic of an age of high-velocity history, and of men devoted to a cause larger than themselves.

The Vietnam chapters are organized on a quasi-topical basis rather than as a rigorous chronological recounting of events, or an analysis of causes and effects, of challenges and responses. This complicates things for the analytical reader, although it enables us to see the multi-layered complexity of the war reflected in the personal experience of a professional soldier, a soldier who is competent, devoted, straightforward, possessed of patience and tolerance for the views of others, a man who modestly did his best for his country.

One particular quality of Westmoreland's deserves special mention because of its relevance to the Vietnam War: his sense of the responsibility of a military commander to his government—the responsibility not only to carry out orders but to speak up frankly when he questions the wisdom of those orders. Under a glass panel on his desk Westmoreland kept a quotation from Napoleon:

> A commander-in-chief cannot take as an excuse for his mistakes in warfare an order given by his sovereign or his minister, when the person giving the order is absent from the field of operations and is imperfectly aware or wholly unaware of the latest state of affairs. It follows that any commander-in-chief who undertakes to carry out a plan which he considers defective is at fault; he must put forward his reasons, insist on the plan being changed, and finally tender his resignation rather than be the instrument of his army's downfall.

Mr. Hannah, who served as United States Consul General in Sydney, Australia during the final phases of the Vietnam War, will retire from the Foreign Service this summer. He speaks for himself, not the State Department, in this piece.

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Putting this stricture in his own terms with respect to Vietnam, Westmoreland writes:

> I was sharply conscious that I was a military man, charged not with making policy but with executing it. Yet, if the National Security Council and the President deemed it in the interest of the United States to save South Vietnam from Communism, I bore the responsibility as the American military commander in Vietnam to advise from a military standpoint what had to be done to achieve that goal.

He did not resign or threaten to do so. On the contrary, he makes it clear that even with all the frustrations and tactical errors, "I suffered my problems in Vietnam because I believed that success would eventually be ours despite them, that they were not to be, as Napoleon put it, instruments of my army's downfall." And, narrowly interpreted, he was right. The American Army was not defeated in Vietnam.

One is struck by how well the American forces fought under difficult and maddening conditions. The book is studded with the code-names of successful operations—Cedar Falls, Junction City, Fairfax, and many more. Militarily, the defeat of the Tet offensive itself was one of the greatest victories over North Vietnam. The appendix tabulates by their code-names numerous imaginative and daring new military techniques and tactics such as the SEAL commando teams, the Prairie Fire and later Tiger Hound reconnaissance missions, the Market Time anti-maritime-infiltration operations, etc. From an inside military viewpoint, the Vietnam War was a prolific spawner of invention.

★ ***We ran out of time. This is the tragedy of Vietnam—we were fighting for time rather than space. And time ran out***

How can the U.S. Army have fought so well and retired undefeated, and still have the cause for which it fought totally lost? Westmoreland mentions several factors that prolonged the war, but, since he did not submit his resignation in accordance with Napoleon's admonition, we are entitled to conclude that he did not regard these factors as likely to be decisive. Indeed, he tells us that he suffered these impediments because he believed that "success would eventually be ours." But it was not. Why not?

General Westmoreland does not directly answer the question but the answer emerges without being stated. We ran out of time. This is the tragedy of Vietnam—we were fighting for time rather than space. And time ran out. Westmoreland strikes out at the strategy of "graduated response . . . one of the most lamentable mistakes of the war. . . . Faced with escalating pressure, the North Vietnamese could adapt to each new step and absorb the damage . . ." But the General fails to draw the central conclusion, although it emerges obliquely in this sentence from page 112: "Ambassador Taylor [retired former Army Chief of Staff] and some civilian officials in Washington were also tending to think of bombing in terms of a gradually escalating campaign, of twisting the enemy's arm until eventually, so the theory had it, the North Vietnamese leaders would cry uncle."

In other words, the bombing was valued not primarily for its direct contribution to our own military campaign but rather as a pressure to induce the enemy to give up without our having actually defeated him. This strategy converted the war into a test of endurance—a test of North Vietnam's ability to absorb the punishment of our bombing while continuing to fight in the South as against America's ability to withstand the politically debilitating effects of a war with no clear end. We know the result.

It was not only the bombing campaign that was aimed at "inducing" Hanoi to quit. In July 1965, Secretary McNamara asked Westmoreland how many Allied and American troops were required to "convince the enemy he would be unable to win." A curious formulation of a military equation. Why did the Secretary not simply ask how many troops were needed to win? The same basic formulation was applied to the various bombing halts and holiday truces. All were supposed to send a "message to Hanoi." Westmoreland caustically scorns the concept: "It was all a matter of signals, said the clever civilian theorists in Washington." But it is not sufficient simply to lay the blame on civilians in Washington. Westmoreland himself accepted the major premise that our object was to *induce* Hanoi to back down. He balked only at the minor premise that Washington civilians should have their fingers on the up-down graduating screw. In the summer of 1965, he was planning "how to keep the South Vietnamese in the fight until the bombing campaign *might convince* the North Vietnamese to desist . . ." But estimating how the highly politicized Communist leadership in Hanoi will react is a political judgment, and there is no reason to suppose that a civilian expert in Washington would be any less qualified to make such a judgment than a military expert in Saigon.

Apart from graduated response, Westmoreland's book is replete with references to our critical dependence on time. Indeed, shortening time stalked us relentlessly and finally overtook us.

And though circuitous and obscure,
The feet of Nemesis, how sure!

At the Guam Conference in March 1967, General Westmoreland reported, "If the VC organization failed to disintegrate, which I saw as unlikely, and we were unable to find a way to halt North Vietnamese infiltration, *the war could go on indefinitely*" (emphasis added). There were, he tells us, "looks of shock"—but, incredibly, the conference listened to this estimate and then moved on to consider "the basic subject, the organization of the U.S. Mission to assure a coordinated pacification program."

In a public speech at the Waldorf a month later, the General said, "The end is not in sight. . . . We will have to grind him down. In effect we are fighting a war of attrition. The *only alternative* is a war of annihilation" (emphasis added).

Why? Why were attrition and annihilation the only alternatives? Why could we not have defined the area or space whose independence we intended to defend and then proceed to defend it as we did in Korea? In the Korean War we nearly ran out of space twice and once we took more than we were prepared to defend. But that war was fought in a dimension of space—not time. Time was a secondary dependent variable, a function of our success in winning and holding space. As a result the war in Korea ended much faster than the Vietnam War, and when it ended we

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and the South Koreans had clearly defined the space we held, space we proved we could hold, would hold—and still hold. Not so in Vietnam, where the war was waged in a dimension of time; when time ran out, space ran out shortly afterward. Why?

★ ***Our strategy was sometimes called 'a meat grinder.' The question was: Who would tire first, he who feeds the machine or he who grinds? We, the grinders, tired first***

Because, beginning in the early 1960s, the doctrine of insurgency and counterinsurgency had completely pervaded our interpretation of the war. A genuine insurgency is waged between opposing social, economic, or political classes vying for control—not seeking to conquer new space. A true insurgency is therefore, in a real sense, a test of endurance. Even though the war in Vietnam was not a true insurgency but a thinly disguised aggression, the concept of counterinsurgency thoroughly conditioned our response. Leading from their own strength, the North Vietnamese launched their attack indirectly through Laos, so that their clandestine entry into South Vietnam would appear to be an insurgency movement, using insurgency tactics. Saturated with the vocabulary and doctrine of insurgency, we responded in kind and thus accepted a test of endurance—a war against time.

In the June 20, 1975 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, I suggested that "in South Vietnam we responded mainly to Hanoi's simulated insurgency rather than to its real but concealed aggression, as a bull charges the toreador's cape, not the toreador." Hanoi's was an assault of contrived ambiguity and ours was a response of reflexive ambiguity. Hanoi's ambiguity was on two levels, regional and tactical.

On the regional scale, Hanoi introduced the aggression semi-clandestinely through Laos (and later Cambodia), without effective challenge (the air campaign against infiltration through Laos was never decisive). The ambiguity that made this possible flourished under the multi-tiered political canopy of the Laos "settlement" predicated on the 1962 Geneva Accords. This included a Lao troika coalition that did not exist after a few months, under a neutralization that was fictitious from the outset, and a de facto porous partition through which the aggressors entered Laos from the north, then moved under the triple canopy and emerged in the south as Vietcong revolutionaries under the banner of the National Liberation Front.

Someday this will be recognized as one of the most sophisticated political structures of our time—a structure that in effect "processed" an advancing army as it passed from home base through an intervening "neutral" country, and emerged deep in the victim's territory, in the role of a civil insurrection. Our vulnerability to this structure was due to our own failure to perceive that the Ho Chi Minh trail bore the same strategic relation to South Vietnam that Belgium bore to France under German attack in two world wars.

On the tactical level, a fundamental aspect of Communist protracted warfare was overlooked: i.e., that the object of an individual battle is to fight it and only secondarily to win it. An engagement that levels a village, cuts a road, yields hostages to the enemy, or causes civilian deaths contributes to the Communist goal even if the battle is militarily "lost"—even if the guerrillas lose both ground and men. Underlying all the theoretical strategy of Communist "insurgency" as practiced in Vietnam, the effect was progressively to destroy the apparatus of the state—not in the classical Leninesque way, from the top downward, but piece by piece from the bottom upward. Every schoolteacher or policeman assassinated, every boy kidnapped, every battle fought, every city block rocketed destroyed a small cell in the infrastructure of the state and society—upsetting the social order and leaving a tiny vacuum into which the Communists could move at the proper time. The process can be compared to the one by which wood is petrified. Under certain conditions moisture will slowly dissolve the cellulose molecules of wood, one by one, while depositing minerals in their place, so that eventually the whole organic structure has been replaced—the structure has exactly the same form but an entirely different content.

The gradual intensification of large unit warfare in the South served the Communist purpose—even though we "won" most of the battles—by contributing to the destruction of the society we sought to defend. And as that society was destroyed, the Vietcong sought to fill the porous structure. As the result of our efforts to prevent this, the society became increasingly dependent on U.S. forces to the point where it was difficult to accomplish even a gradual shift of strength without creating a new vulnerability to attack. Thus our forces became committed to fighting what appeared to be a "suppression" campaign against an ambiguous and ubiquitous enemy who had the advantage of appearing as a political revolutionary rather than an aggressor.

THE simulated insurgency did not change the real aggression: most of the enemy forces were trained and equipped in North Vietnam and dispatched from there through Laos to South Vietnam. If Hanoi's purpose was to destroy the existing socio-political structure by low-level infiltrated warfare, a logical response would have been to stop the aggressors before they reached their target, i.e., to separate the attacker from his victim. This, of course, would have meant stopping them when they were still in their role as aggressors in Laos, not after they had emerged in South Vietnam in their spurious role as insurgents.

The concept of separating the enemy from his victim was fully recognized in counterinsurgency doctrine, and our concepts of pacification included "separating the VC from the people." But the sights of a counterinsurgency are necessarily set low, focused on the hamlet, village, and sometimes provincial levels. The doctrine could not absorb the challenge of a massive clandestine aggression from outside. The only way to have separated the people from such an enemy would have been to separate the whole of South Vietnam from the steady input through Laos and Cambodia. Instead of this, the number of South Vietnamese, American, and other forces was increased steadily to provide security on a lower level and simultaneously to pursue the enemy's large units. We defeated the enemy countless times within South Vietnam, but the steady flow of men and supplies continued while the socio-political erosion exacerbated the problem, causing us to dig in ever more indispensably.

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If I may be allowed one personal allusion, I recall one of those Honolulu conferences on ways of increasing the attrition of infiltration through Laos—usually estimated at about 20 per cent. Afterward, I asked General Westmoreland what we would do if the enemy simply increased the infiltration enough to offset the attrition that we inflicted. "We'll just continue to grind them up as we are doing," he replied. The figure of speech was an apt one. Our strategy was sometimes called "a meat grinder." The question was: Who would tire first, he who feeds the machine or he who grinds? And here we come full circle to the test of endurance again, a test that has now been settled. We, the grinders, tired first. And the critical reversal was the Tet offensive of 1968.

THE MAIN THING about the Tet offensive was that it happened. It was a tactical military victory for our side but a devastating political setback because it proved that, in a test of endurance, the other side had more time than we had and that, moreover, our side had no really secure space to fall back on. If Tet proved that the Communists could not take Saigon, hold any provincial capital, or defeat the forces of the U.S. or South Vietnam (and it did), it also proved that after three years of unremitting operations by U.S. forces, including massive air attacks, the enemy was still able to replenish and reinforce from North to South and throw us on the defensive. If it proved that the people and the government of South Vietnam were gaining political strength (and it did), it also proved that the American people were losing their stomach for a war that ground on interminably without securing even the space necessary for a ceasefire line. And on March 31, 1968, Tet also proved that it had administered the final stroke that critically influenced a transfer of power in the most powerful country in the world.

The central issue of the war was to make a clear judgment as to whether what we faced was primarily a South Vietnamese insurgency or a North Vietnamese aggression "processed" to look like an insurgency. If it was primarily an insurgency, we had no business ever sending in U.S. forces. If it was primarily an aggression, our forces could have been most effectively deployed against the aggression where it occurred, not against the subsequent simulated insurgency. But so deeply were we conditioned by the doctrine of "insurgency" that long after we had half a million troops fighting North Vietnamese divisions, we still spoke of "insurgency" and "counterinsurgency." Writing later about the heavy bombing of 1972, General Westmoreland can still speak of the "condition of the insurgency."

Long before that, even before we had any U.S. forces in Vietnam, "counterinsurgency" had become an all-purpose word to cover situations it could not meet. In the early 1960s, aid programs were recast in the vocabulary of counterinsurgency. Programs were monitored in Washington by the "Special Group—CI," which included Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Assistant Secretary of State Averell Harriman. With such high-level interest, "counterinsurgency" became one of those terms that Tocqueville compares to "a box with a false bottom; you may put in what you please and take it out again without being observed." The phrase was stood on its head and transmuted "to please one faction by the sound and the contending faction by the meaning." To some it sounded like the end of massive retaliation and nuclear confrontation. But to others it meant expanded military assistance and whatever else could be slipped in, from teacher training to arms, resupply, thousands of military advisors, and eventually the deployment of U.S. divisions and other foreign contingents.

We said, and rightly so, that Hanoi was committing aggression against South Vietnam. We launched heavy air attacks against North Vietnam, designed primarily not to stop the aggression, but to *induce* Hanoi to stop it. At the same time, we committed U.S. ground forces to South Vietnam to suppress a simulated insurgency. In both cases, we committed ourselves to a test of time. Meanwhile, the funnel from North to South Vietnam—the Laos Corridor—continued to function despite harassment.

Our ground forces were progressively increased in line with ad hoc reasoning, always to meet a new immediate need, not to launch a new strategy. Concerning the first deployment of Marines to the air base at Danang, Westmoreland says, "I saw my call for Marines at Danang not as a first step in a growing American commitment but as what I said at the time it was, a way to secure a vital air field. . . ." Shortly thereafter he asked for an Army brigade for similar purposes at Bien Hoa and Vung Tau and more Marines for Phu Bai. But still, he recalls, "I fervently hoped —as it turned out, wishfully—that additional American ground troops would prove unnecessary." But they *were* necessary and at each stage deployment had its own internal rationale arising out of immediate requirements.

★ ***Decisive action to separate the enemy from the people and win space was overtaken by the inexorability of a war waged against time***

Was no consideration given to using some of these ground forces to cut the routes through Laos? Yes, and General Westmoreland seems to have favored the idea. But there was always a greater, more immediate need for each increment of U.S. forces. In one particularly revealing paragraph, we can see starkly how decisive action to separate the enemy from the people and win space was overtaken by the inexorability of a war waged against time. On page 148, the General says:

> From the first I contemplated eventually moving into Laos to cut and block the infiltration routes of the Ho Chi Minh trail, and in 1966 and 1967 my staff prepared detailed plans for such an operation. When Henry Cabot Lodge returned to Saigon in the summer of 1965 for another tour as American ambassador, he enthusiastically pressed for the move, and his eventual successor, Ellsworth Bunker, also supported it. Yet I recognized that blocking the trail would require at least a corps-sized force of three divisions, and I would be unable for a long time to spare that many troops from the critical fight within South Vietnam. When at last, in 1968, our strength had increased sufficiently and the enemy had been depleted enough to make the move possible, President Johnson was so beset by war critics that he would take no step that might possibly be interpreted as broadening the war, which he had publicly announced he would not do.

Monday morning quarterbacking is dangerous, but with

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the advantage of hindsight one cannot help thinking of Napoleon's injunction against carrying out a defective plan. One wishes Westmoreland's book had included an estimate of how many U.S. divisions within South Vietnam might have been rendered unnecessary by the timely commitment of the three divisions the General estimates would have been needed in the Corridor.

But apparently Westmoreland did not see the issue of blocking Laos as one involving a radical change of strategy or of our concept of the war. To him, the deployment of forces in Laos to insulate South Vietnam from aggression was simply one degree on a graduated scale of pressures against North Vietnam; as such it was to be judged by how much it might reduce the time needed to bring the war to an end. Thus, he was pleased with plans developed for Laos that "would have eliminated the enemy's steady flow of men and supplies through the Laotian Panhandle and would have *materially shortened American involvement* in the war" (emphasis added).

Westmoreland does not discuss the possibility that such a step would have radically changed the war, forcing North Vietnam to come out and fight in the open in the Laotian Panhandle or else abandon the whole effort. The result might have been to create the basis for an effective ceasefire line across Laos, comparable to the DMZ in Korea. It might well have shortened the war by forcing a settlement along lines defining space rather than on the winner-take-all basis that characterizes a war against time. But it would not necessarily have shortened the American military involvement, which might have continued along a ceasefire line as it has in Korea.

★ ***No 'second' threw in the towel. The referee—a bearded and bent old man in a white cloak leaning on a stick—intervened and called, 'Time'***

Somehow the issue of blocking reinforcements through Laos got tangled up with another issue, that of obtaining other foreign troop contingents. There was much talk and planning for a multinational force south of the DMZ, but time consumed this idea too. Westmoreland reports that when Australia and Korea agreed to send troops, he saw the possibility of a multinational force for the DMZ, "but for the time being [I] bowed to a more pressing need elsewhere." He revived the idea in July 1966 but it was rejected. He then makes the following curious remark: "I still believe that using such force would have had worldwide psychological impact helpful in countering North Vietnamese refusal to admit that North Vietnamese troops were inside South Vietnam." An idea that would have been a radical change of strategy from a war based on time to one based on space was being measured by the incidental or peripheral advantages it might have had in a war of attrition.

In December 1967 and January 1968, American forces began to move in preparation for a series of operations code-named YORK, designed to sweep to the Laotian border opposite the four northern provinces of South Vietnam. By these operations, Westmoreland tells us, he expected "to set the stage for the invasion of Laos that I hoped a new Administration in Washington would approve and possibly an amphibious hook around the DMZ *à la* the Inchon landing in Korea." Since a new Administration would not come into office for another year, there was apparently no urgency about moving into Laos. But a few weeks later, Tet happened and everything was overtaken—not only YORK, but the plans for Laos. And in the end, time overtook the United States.

YET, on finishing the book, one has the feeling that even today, General Westmoreland is perplexed as to what happened and why. In a rather wistful paragraph on page 410 he looks backward and says:

> Yet, even with the handicap of graduated response, the war still could have been brought to a favorable end following defeat of the enemy's Tet offensive in 1968. The United States had in South Vietnam at that time the finest military force—though not the largest—ever assembled. Had President Johnson changed our strategy and taken advantage of the enemy's weakness to enable me to carry out the operations we had planned over the preceding two years in Laos and Cambodia and north of the DMZ, along with intensified bombing and the mining of Haiphong Harbor, the North Vietnamese doubtlessly would have broken. But that was not to be. Press and television had created an aura not of victory but of defeat, which, coupled with the vocal anti-war elements, profoundly influenced timid officials in Washington. It was like two boxers in a ring, one having the other on the ropes, close to a knockout, when the apparent winner's second inexplicably throws in the towel.

One can sympathize with the frustration of a loyal, honest military leader over the tragedy that befell his mission. One can also sympathize with his dismay over the jackal-like behavior of certain elements in the U.S. who relished the spectacle of their country in distress. But in a democratic country we cannot separate the armed forces in the field from the population at home; there can be no dichotomy between the military force as the fighter and the homefront as the "second." An American armed force is part of the nation and the nation is in the force. No "second" threw in the towel. The referee—a bearded and bent old man in a white cloak leaning on a stick—intervened and called, "Time."

Epilogue

Even so, the American people allowed another four years of time in which to phase out U.S. forces while building up the South Vietnamese. But the corridor through Laos continued to function for the passage of North Vietnamese divisions. Having waged a war against a simulated insurgency in a dimension of time, rather than against an aggression in a dimension of space, we could not impose a ceasefire line like the Korean DMZ. So, when our forces left, time raced very fast indeed.

The final North Vietnamese victory of 1974-75, of course, was beyond General Westmoreland's scope of command or responsibility and is beyond the scope of his book. But it is safe to say that, had the war been waged for space, not time, and had the route of aggression through Laos been closed off, neither the Tet offensive nor the disaster of 1975 could have happened. □

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ARGENTINA

A New Target

ROBERT PETER

ANOTHER South American republic under the boot of the military. A freely elected government toppled by soldiers. The constitution shelved, generals running the country. THEY KILLED DEMOCRACY IN ARGENTINA!

If you haven't seen those headlines yet, it won't be long before you do. Bertrand Russell is not here to lead the pack, but it will soon be in full cry, depend on it, demanding an end to aid for Argentina and an investigation into possible CIA involvement. There will be demands that refugees be admitted to the United States without the usual red tape; international organizations will express their indignation; and Argentina will join the band of international outcasts: Chile, Paraguay, Rhodesia, and South Africa.

Before the cast hardens let's take a look at the situation before the soldiers took over in Argentina. It was catastrophic. In 1975 inflation was 334.8 per cent. In March 1976, the month of the coup, it was rolling along at 38 per cent per month. Dr. José Alfredo Martínez de Hoz, now Economics Minister, says inflation between March 1975 and March 1976 was 566 per cent and, if the rhythm of the first quarter of 1976 had carried forward, it would have been 788 per cent for this year. In the three years of Peronist government the number of public employees had increased 24 per cent, to 1.76 million people out of a working force of approximately ten million. The gross national product fell by 3 per cent in 1975 as absenteeism reached almost 20 per cent in many industrial and commercial firms.

Money was printed in such haste that when one shipment of new bank notes reached the province of Neuquén, it was discovered that many thousand-peso notes had been printed on only one side. Prices went up every day. Ordinary citizens found it almost impossible—and the lower classes did find it impossible—to buy what they needed to keep their households going. To sell at the maximum prices set by the government meant in many cases to sell at a loss, so goods disappeared. At the same time, the fall of the peso brought flocks of tourists from neighboring countries, eager to buy whatever they could find since the rate of exchange made Argentinian goods ridiculously cheap. In February 1975 a dollar was worth 22 new pesos on the "parallel" (black) market, the only true market; in February 1976 it was worth 360 pesos. International reserves, still about two billion pesos in July 1974, had dwindled to 500 million pesos by the end of 1975.

Inflation and Death

Corruption, no stranger at any time, became outrageous. The most insignificant public employee had to be bribed to do his duty, and what went on at higher levels was amazing. There were several Ministers of Welfare during the three Peronist years. Those who followed López Rega—the sinister *éminence grise* of the Peróns—are almost all now wanted by the police. The Department of Welfare handles enormous sums, and the temptation to dip into them proved irresistible. One welfare department check for approximately $740,000, signed by Mrs. Perón, was ordered deposited in the "*sucesión Juan Domingo Perón*" account—whose only beneficiary is Perón's heir, Isabelita herself. The judge who investigated the matter, under the pressure of public opinion, found her innocent of any wrongdoing, after she explained that she had signed the check by mistake. Argentina's new rulers are looking into that one. It has been reported that Mrs. Perón is under indictment on charges of corruption.

Added to economic insecurity was physical fear. Important businessmen, managers of big firms, and rich people in general were always in danger of being kidnapped. Many firms sent their important officials across the river to Montevideo, Uruguay, where they were relatively safe. Anybody who was politically active—parliamentarians, lawyers, journalists, union members—was in danger from either Communist or fascist terrorists. Almost every day bodies were found in burnt-out cars or lying on the side of the road, often with disfigured faces; sometimes the hands or the fingers had been cut off to make identification more difficult. About 900 people were killed for political motives in 1975 alone. There were 59 victims the week before the March putsch.

The Soldier-Moralist

A different sort of terror was practiced by unionized factory workers. In order to win their demands they not only occupied buildings but often held owners or managers hostage. Police didn't dare to interfere. In Tucumán, a northern province of Argentina, the ERP (a Trotskyite terrorist movement) has been fighting the army for more than a year now. In the cities, especially Buenos Aires and Córdoba, the terrorists are the Montoneros—left-wing Peronist extremists, gone underground after Perón's death.

In sum, Argentina was close to anarchy. President Maria Estela Perón was helpless, and Parliament wouldn't do anything. Argentina indeed had a "power vacuum," as General Videla was later to say.

For well over a year more and more Argentinians desperately hoped for an army takeover. The Peronist party itself was split. One faction wanted Mrs. Perón to step down voluntarily and thus make it possible to find a successor by constitutional methods. She refused. Her concession was to suggest that the elections be advanced to December 12, 1976 (from March 1977). She would not, she said, be a candidate. But the country couldn't keep going as it was for another year.

The military had several reasons for opposing a putsch. First, the previous military government, under General Lanusse—a vain and arrogant man—had led to the restoration of Peronism. The soldiers had left the stage in disgrace; they wanted no part of a new political adventure. Second, Peronism had made such a terrible mess of things

(Continues on page 635)

Mr. Peter is a European diplomat who lives in Central America.

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TROUBLE AT CUNY

Reading, Writing, and Rape

GEOFFREY WAGNER

THE *New York Times* finally said it. After years of applauding the efforts of educational politicians to turn the City University of New York into kindergarten, the *Times* blandly editorialized last October: "Would CUNY's high standards not be better preserved, while the number of entering students was being reduced, by imposing higher admission qualifications on all students?"

Why was not this patent plea for elitism signed Uriah Heep? When the city's Board of Higher Education first started emitting dismaying data about its new open admissions policy, the liberals bayed back that it was too early to decide. And as the statistics persisted, the head of CUNY's Women's Advisory Committee retorted that "the depth of the problem won't be understood by statistics." Through last year, CUNY's dropout rate was nearly 50 per cent. Kind of expensive.

Today the four senior city colleges are in total disarray, so much so that Board Chancellor Kibbee plans major "restructuring." If the boroughs (Queens and Brooklyn) fare slightly better, Hunter and City Colleges in Manhattan are still disaster areas on any given class day. It is physically tough to move from building to building. At Hunter there were three rapes in the first month of term; at City there were four in one semester (with another victim sodomized).

Has Fred Hechinger of the *Times* been into one of these classrooms recently? They are worse than many city high schools. Beside huge new construction sites, masterminded by President Marshak and now indefinitely abandoned, City College shoehorns hordes of students into Dickensian fire-hazard dens where they snooze and fitfully smoke beneath obscene graffiti, largely oblivious to the professor bravely addressing the ether, since, a lot of the time, nothing much can be heard anyway. These professors have no secretarial help, share cubicles for "offices," and at City even have to bring their own ditto paper on which to run off exams. They are regularly mugged. Assaults on teachers have increased nearly 80 per cent and robberies of teachers and students 36 per cent in the last five years. The city spends over $5 million a year repairing smashed schoolroom windows.

It spent another $30 million last year on "remediation"—i.e., extra aid in reading, writing, and arithmetic for unprepared students (all the victims of "ghetto" schools). A CCNY counselor, Dr. Richard Soll, concedes that "almost one-third of those entering fall into the category of needing two or more remedial courses." Lately, the educational politicians have ordained that remediation be called "compensation"—i.e., compensation for past injustices and deprivations (a curious ruling indeed, since what it really assumes is that the illiterates who register at CUNY are not so much deprived as oppressed). Most of CUNY's basic writing courses teach more about the injustices of society than about the use of punctuation.

Now adult illiteracy is a subject on which emotions grow fierce. By the UNESCO standard of the average 13-year-old, probably most of those now entering CUNY are illiterate. Kibbee hopes to put another patch on the disintegrating quilt of CUNY by beefing up attendance requirements (remember, these "kids" come from high schools where, on any given day, a third of the pupils don't show up). He will not shift his shibboleths ("open admissions," "free tuition"), and instead shuffles the faculty into the firing line.

BUT THE faculty is showing increasing reluctance to stick around. They must shove to class through giggling junkies in congested corridors littered with butts and sticky with gum, clutching their last copies of Plato and murmuring "Excuse me," to which scowling students return a "Watch your f------ feet, man." Anything left around is instantly stolen, like the movie projector and the piano stolen from CCNY classes *in session*. Last year applications for faculty retirement were up by 40 per cent.

After all, in this scene does the teacher matter? Morton Kaplon, a $45,000-a-year dean at City College, tells us, "Our attitudes in a legal sense toward homosexuality, drugs, capital punishment, and many other 'crimes' have changed significantly. Society has agreed that things have changed. Cannot our attitude toward what we agree to call a college education also change?" Or, for that matter, toward what we call a standard? Too bad if a surgeon takes out your kidney instead of your appendix.

Yet Dean Kaplon has a point. In the kind of society he and his kind are fashioning with tax dollars, English is an effete and contaminated language, the vehicle of imperialism. Tell a City College student he can't write English, and you get the surly *tu quoque*—"Shit, *you* can't speak black street language."

BY NOW it is too late to unscramble these eggs. In municipal education, as elsewhere, the liberals asked for their own destruction, and got it. While men like Marshak (who is now under fire for discrimination in his Biomed Center) beaver up statistics to vindicate their programs, the institutions they head are crumbling beneath them. In no way can City College be called a college today. Belated signs of enlightenment at the *Times* may exasperate those who years ago predicted what would happen, but are perhaps better than nothing. On the same day as the *Times* editorial of recantation, Harriet Van Horne wrote in the *Post*: "We are faced with a cruel choice. Should the multiple needs of welfare families—food, housing, hospital care, remedial schooling—be allowed to strip essential funds from libraries, art museums, and city colleges? To speak in hard specifics, do methadone clinics contribute more to a city's well-being than the New York Public Library and its branches? Is it wise, is it prudent, to grant drug rehabilitation centers priority over the City University?" □

Mr. Wagner is a professor of English at CCNY. His most recent book is The Novel and the Cinema.

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LETTER FROM SIAN

Re-education à la Mao

A Swiss newsman visits Alice's Wonderland—the cadre school of Nanniwan where China's powerful are sent to do physical labor—and learns what a hoe has to do with a scalpel

ERNST KUX

"INDEPENDENCE through your own power!" This slogan of Mao's, written in giant letters on a mountaintop above the Cadre School of Nanniwan, can be seen from the Yenan road. We were driving on a famous stretch of highway leading in a southwesterly direction from Yenan, through thickly wooded mountains, down again into bare ravines. Here, in 1940, soldiers of the 359th Brigade—10,000 veterans of the Long March—moved in on Mao's orders to start the "Production Movement" in Nanniwan. Using the most primitive methods, they made the land arable, planted rice for their own use, and helped the local farmers, indoctrinating them and learning from them. These soldiers in Nanniwan became the core of the Production Corps, exemplars of the idea of reconstruction under one's own power and in the service of the people. The road, once impassable, became a highway. It serves as a fifty-mile-long holy way of the revolution, along which, in memory of former struggles and sacrifices, cadres, units of the army, Red Guards, and school classes must travel. From 1949 to 1965 in Nanniwan there was a "Reform-through-Work" Farm for counterrevolutionaries; then an army state farm; now there is a People's Commune.

In this tradition-rich area, a cadre school was built, where functionaries from Shensi and the provincial capital, Sian, are washed in the purifying bath of "Practice." Here we got our first insight into a fundamental method of the Chinese Communist system: the perpetual overhauling of cadres and the "sending below" of the powerful to physical labor, as commanded by Mao. In a small valley stands a gate with this inscription: "Cadre School of the 7th May Nanniwan of the City of Sian." Behind it, on the mountainside, nestle two long modern buildings; on the peak gleam the white ideograms of Mao's slogan. The foundation and ground floor of the buildings were built of massive stones by laborers; the first floor, with its airy arcades and elegant corrugated roof, was built—we were proudly informed—by the cadre itself. The two main buildings are flanked by a chain of cave compartments, kitchens, workshops, barns, and a generator station. On the other side of the valley are the garages and the work-places of the technical brigade.

Yuan Hai-liang, chairman of the revolutionary committee, himself a graduate of the cadre school, explained the system to us. The cadre schools carry out Mao's directive of May 7, 1966, to make the entire country into a "great school of Communism." (It is not mentioned that this phrase—Mao's signal for the "Cultural Revolution"—was contained in a letter to the late and now disgraced Lin Piao.) The cadre school of Nanniwan was founded in November 1968, a few weeks after Mao's call for the mass of cadres to be "sent below" for physical labor.

IN THE beginning, lapsed cadres were sent for an unspecified time to Nanniwan to undergo a purification process called "Struggle-Criticism-Conversion." Since then much has changed. Early in 1971, Edgar Snow visited Nanniwan. His report on that visit in his book *The Long Revolution* serves as a basis for comparison. Yuan Hai-liang maintains that Snow would no longer recognize the area. The primitive accommodations Snow complained about are gone. Cadres are no longer sent for an unspecified time, but for a six-month course. Some 2,900 cadres have attended the school. Do they do so by choice? It is said that when cadres waver in their political beliefs, they report voluntarily, or are encouraged to do so by their units. There is no stigma involved: the cadres keep their posts and continue to receive their pay, and are even permitted to visit their families.

In the current course, 550 Sian cadres take part. There are no top functionaries among them. Forty per cent of the participants are officials, technicians, and managers who hold

Mr. Kux is the China correspondent for the Swiss newspaper Neue Zürcher Zeitung, *where this article originally appeared. It was translated from the German by Philip Brantingham.*

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posts in the government, factories, businesses, and communes. The rest are teachers, artists, and journalists. There are some thirty doctors. Twenty per cent of the participants are women. Soldiers, found in all other institutions in China, are absent here.

The school has a clinic, where ten doctors take care of both the students and the local villagers. A hand-made operating table—a fragile-looking wooden object—is used for emergency operations on injured farmers. Nearby is a tiny laboratory with microscope, measuring instruments, and a well-supplied pharmacy containing Chinese and Western medications and healing herbs.

FUNCTIONARIES of grain depots, mills, food processing plants, and markets work in agriculture, grinding the grain they planted and husking rice and corn —thus learning, an elderly engineer explained, to know their business better. In the main kitchen, there is only one professional, the party secretary of a restaurant in Sian. The other cooks come from every stratum and have learned cooking here. Whatever it is in the pots and pans, it smells good.

The general engineer of Sian, who is responsible for all construction in that city of over 1.5 million people, works in the construction brigade. He is fifty years old and a graduate of a technical high school. Somewhat clumsily, he planes a beam for a roofing frame. Loam is being shoveled into a primitive device and formed into bricks. Old cadres—among them officers of the security forces (secret police) and a member of the international department of the revolutionary committee, which receives foreign visitors in Sian—swing shovels side by side. The director of an electronics factory and a doctor toil at a motor-driven brick press. A young surgeon, head of a clinic in a provincial capital, guides a wheelbarrow filled with bricks, his trained fingers protected only by tattered gloves. Two women—one a doctor, the other a geographer—lay the bricks out to dry.

We ask the surgeon if he really is performing a public service by making bricks. Sucking nervously at his cigarette, he makes an apologia for the cadre school. When he first arrived, he asked himself the same question: What had a hoe to do with a scalpel? He found the answer in physical labor and through his study of Mao's works, which helped him develop "the correct class consciousness." Earlier, at the university and during his ten years at the hospital, he had thought only of himself and of his work. Now he has a different opinion of his work as a doctor and recognizes how important it is to have a class feeling for workers and farmers, to serve the people, and to follow the correct line as laid down by the Chairman.

Yuan Hai-liang told us that the students used to spend two-thirds of their time on production, but now they work one day and study the next. Away from their offices and professional careers, the cadres can concentrate better on Mao's works and the classics of Marxism-Leninism. Through self-study and group discussion, they can deepen their political understanding.

To keep alive the "Spirit of the Hard Struggle of Yenan," the cadres, like the soldiers of the 359th Brigade, had to march by foot to Nanniwan and forage for themselves. In four years, they built 150 cave-apartments and a hundred houses. The student lodgings that we visited were simple, bright rooms, each with a stove, four plain plank beds, books, and posters and slogans on the walls. In the arcades hung the drying laundry, washed by the students.

The cadre school supplies its own food. In the past four years, 250 tons of grain and 150 tons of vegetables have been harvested. In 1972, 2,000 apple trees were planted. Meat comes from the school's cattle and fowl. The diet is satisfactory; each student receives 1.5 pounds of rice a day and five pounds of meat per month.

THE CADRE schools, which were originally planned to weaken the party *apparat*, now serve as an intermediate step in the return of the old cadres. It is said that it is not only those cadres who have made "errors" who are shipped to Nanniwan; young cadres too, who have just assumed responsible positions, are schooled here. As an example of a cadre who had committed "errors," we were presented Shih Ke-shao, a lively fellow with bright eyes and a robust physique, now party secretary for the cattle squad of the school. Shih is 42 years old, has four children, and earns 74 yuan ($45) a month. Before 1949 he was a teacher. In 1952 he joined the Communist Party, and in 1964 he was made party secretary of a firm with over 5,000 workers. During the Cultural Revolution, he was accused of not serving the people, of earning money only for himself, of having sunk into a "counter-revolutionary ruling manner," and of failing to fight the bourgeoisie. But could that be in a China in which the bourgeoisie had been eliminated? Shih

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COSTS AND VIRTUE

The Debate on Planning

TIBOR MACHAN

THE BATTLE LINES of ideological wars are drawn on many fronts, not the least of which is the domain of popular political debate. What happens in Washington and other citadels of power may be influenced by special-interest lobbying, stupidity, and the desire for political authority, but in the end there must be a rationale that lends policy an air of legitimacy.

For some years economists and legal theorists from the University of Chicago have been in the vanguard of the war against government regulation of the economy. Their research consists mainly of empirical investigations into the consequences of regulation, and assessments of whether the costs exceed the benefits. For example, Professor Sam Peltzman has studied the consequences of the 1962 Kefauver Act, which came in on the heels of the thalidomide scare and was intended to ensure greater safety in drug use. Peltzman shows that the costs of such safety—i.e., severe reductions in the development and marketing of new drugs that could have saved lives—have outweighed the benefits of keeping unsafe drugs off the market. Many similar studies (of the FDA, FCC, and FTC, for example) also suggest that regulation is more harmful and costly than not.

While little policy change has resulted from these studies, the rhetoric against the regulatory system is gaining momentum. The work of the Chicago theorists, which was once published in scholarly outlets such as the *Journal of Law and Economics*, the *Journal of Political Economy*, and the *Journal of Legal Studies*, is now being aired in general-readership magazines such as *The Alternative*, *Barron's*, *Harper's*, NATIONAL REVIEW, and *Reason*. President Ford has become the first Chief Executive to introduce the issue of regulation to the general public. And within the regulatory structure itself, officials are sheepishly owning up to the faults of the system that supports them.

But it would be premature to begin celebrating the rejuvenation of the free market. There is a very large wrinkle in this trend that could well lead to worse things than regulation.

Consider two recent moves by foes of the efforts to restore the free economy. One is the Javits-Humphrey bill, which proposes the creation of an Economic Planning Board. The Economic Planning Act of 1975 is picking up vehement support from such notable ADA-New Deal types as Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Leonard Woodcock, and, naturally, John Kenneth Galbraith. (It should be noted that many businessmen are behind such plans, which gives the lie to the Marxist idea of class consciousness and proves that businessmen haven't the foggiest idea of what is in their own interest in the long run.)

Watchdogs' Watchdog

Schlesinger may be regarded as the popular spokesman for the planning idea. His essay "Laissez-Faire, Planning, and Reality" (*Wall Street Journal*, July 30, 1975) tries valiantly to debunk all attempts at decentralization. The very idea of the author of *The Imperial Presidency* supporting a bill that "would create an Economic Planning Board (EPB) in the Executive branch" calls to mind Alice in Wonderland. Then this desperate but determined piece quotes F. A. Hayek totally out of context to make it seem that even he admits the free market cannot prevent unemployment. (Of course, what Hayek meant was that after decades of governmental tinkering and inflationary Keynesianism, we simply may not be able to do anything about unemployment.) Schlesinger rarely relies on hard evidence to make his case; he merely cites such authorities as Joseph P. Kennedy and J. P. Morgan. He calmly announces that, for the EPB, "There would be no enforcement authority, no interference with the making of private decisions, no revision of the pattern of ownership, no action except"—are you ready?—"on the basis of legislation." How useless, after all, would be the "gathering of information, the estimation of natural resources and requirements, and the coordination of national policies" without legislation to back up the jawboning! Schlesinger's piece is a prime example of how the centralizers have the upper hand in the arguments about regulation.

Consider a second backlash measure: the effort to establish a super-agency, a watchdog over the rest of the inefficient and wasteful watchdogs, the Federal Consumer Protection Agency (FCPA). This is the product of Ralph Nader. He too admits that regulation has not worked. He too, now that the University of Chicago economists and their students have spelled it out, sees that regulatory agencies tend to work in collusion with the industries being regulated. After all, where would the FAA get its experts but from the airline industry? Where would the FDA get its experts but from the firms that produce drugs, food, and chemicals? Mr. Nader, however, does not draw the same conclusions as the Chicago economists: namely, that decentralizaton and a closer approximation to the free market are the key to improving our economy. Instead, he wants to give regulation another try. If the FCC, FAA, FDA, FTC, ITC, CAB, and the rest haven't done well, maybe the new FCPA will. And what can the Chicago group, the empirical students of regulation, offer in objection to this persistence?

Wait Till Next Time

The shortcoming in their case for the free market is that empiricism provides no foundation for the establishment of economic principles, let alone principles of political authority. Empirical objections to a particular proposal for regulation cannot in themselves invalidate the *general* course of conduct. So what if studies demonstrate that this particular effort of such and such a regulatory agency has not worked? *The next one might.* Especially if we change some features of the policy in what appear to be significant ways. From piecemeal regulation we can move toward wholesale planning; from regulation of industries by specialized bureaucracies, we can move to a regulatory superagency

Mr. Machan is a fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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to keep the specialists unwavering in their zeal to protect the public from the evils of businessmen, industrialists, and their own bumbling. Economists, armed with the empirical method, are powerless to discredit such suggestions, for the simple reason that they have not yet been tried in America.

Even when it is demonstrated that empirical studies are really quite theoretical and systematized analyses of the market place, the argument against planning starts at a disadvantage. For the planners do not promise a huge success. All they say is that it is worth the inconvenience and cost to aim, at least, for the goals of planning.

The Unasked Question

The chief difficulty is that planning and regulation are never challenged as patent interventions in the voluntary activities of citizens. Only the costs and benefits are weighed. Many actions, however, are—and must be—undertaken in total disregard of economic benefits or costs, even if economists try at times to reduce all values to economic ones. The effort to save a friend from drowning ought to be made for moral reasons, even if the rescuer is a poor swimmer and is wearing an expensive dinner jacket. The main arguments advanced by Nader & Co. tend to be moralistic. Indeed, the good that Nader desires for people is most likely worth having. It is no use, then, to demean the values of proponents of regulation. They are not unaware of the general case against governmental regulation and planning. They simply believe that these are worth the cost, the inefficiency, the sacrifice.

What is missing, then, is not an economic but a moral case against regulation. The economic case *is* crucial. It can discourage federal planning by showing that, in the main, governments cannot achieve their goals by regulation or massive planning. What it does not show—what mere tools of analysis do not equip the economist to prove—is that regulation and planning *ought* to stop; that it is morally wrong to regulate people's lives.

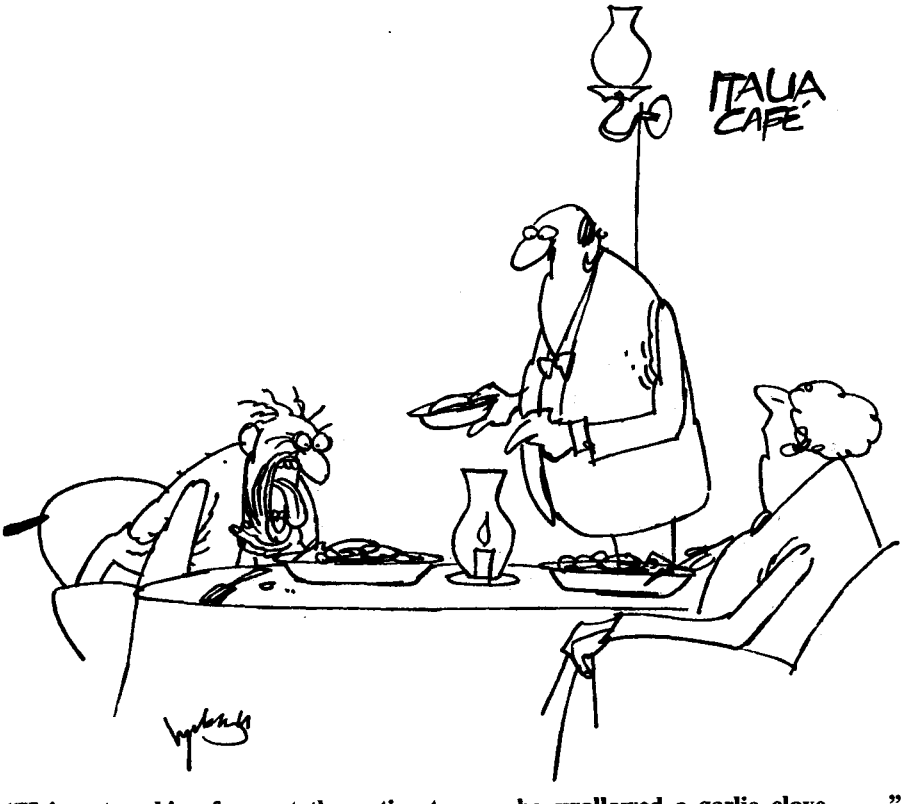
In the domain of public debate, the Schlesingers and the Naders can count on a value system, an entrenched moral atmosphere, that sanctions—at least by implication—the practice of seeking generally agreed-upon goals through coercion. Toy producers, airlines, barbers are forced to conform to the rules at whatever cost in terms of time and money, and the taxpayers are forced to pay for this coercive activity, even though no wrong has been established or guilt proven by due process. This injustice is simply tolerated. The question whether people ought to be penalized when nothing more than the *possibility* of wrongdoing has ever been shown is never raised.

Many people who support the free society because they consider liberty a great human value have used the findings of the economists to attack the regulatory bodies. But in their efforts to remain empirical or scientific, they have based their arguments against planning only on its inefficiency, high cost, and meager benefits. In so doing, they have tacitly conceded to the regulators a crucial point: that their moral concern for liberty is little more than a "value-free" preference.

The Greater Argument

Now if the morality supported by public spokesmen is of the Nader variety—i.e., the absolute priority of public safety, of the consumer's protection from even the *chance* of carelessness by producers—then the morality in which human liberty has priority can fall by the wayside. If liberty is never mentioned, for fear that such a reference will make the case against some governmental policy less than scientific, then the defenders of the regulatory system win by default. People like Nader and Schlesinger do not hesitate to claim that it is everybody's moral and political duty to support their goals, like them or not. These men understand one thing that supporters of the free society have never quite grasped: namely, the priority of moral considerations in the debate on political policy. They see what freedom's friends have been blind to for so long: that one must deal with questions of human action in moral terms in order to win the intellectual victory. Win the greater argument, and you've won the lesser.

The late Leo Strauss made the point well: "Political freedom, and especially that political freedom that justifies itself by the pursuit of human excellence, is not a gift of heaven; it becomes actual only through the efforts of many generations, and its preservation always requires the highest degree of vigilance." One should add that this vigilance must be exerted in the area of popular debate. In that debate, the best case is to be made in behalf of political freedom, which "justifies itself by the pursuit of human excellence." □



"He's not making faces at the antipasto . . . he swallowed a garlic clove. . . ."

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Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

Pentecost 1976

It is unfortunate that today the word Pentecostal has been appropriated by what many regard as a rather strange group of religious people. Pentecost used to mean simply the day each year when Christians especially honored the Holy Spirit. Now, in the public mind, the word evokes press photographs and film clips of congregating worshipers wheeling in self-styled ecstasy, babbling incoherently in "glossolalia," and healing by touch and prayer. I do not mean to derogate the sincerity of Pentecostalists. But by co-opting that name, they have—however unintentionally—inevitably obfuscated the identity of that gentle and unobtrusive person, Jesus.

In a world increasingly desolated by the banality of mechanized, predictable existence, there are few not touched to some degree by a craving for the extraordinary and the esoteric. And Pentecostal has come to mean just that. Yet, nothing or nobody is more ordinary than the Holy Spirit, if we mean by ordinary what is a staple of our daily lives, what is basic to our humanity, what makes it possible for us to continue in existence as a society. In a merely material world, we would wither and perish from banality and meaninglessness. We can live and flourish only in the world made possible by that Spirit—the human universe in which the invisible alone makes our lives meaningful. No human society can survive for any length of time unless compassion is stronger than contempt, gentleness outlives rudeness, love evicts hate, self-sacrifice bears fruit.

Many implausibly think of Spirit much as we picture one of those wild winds sweeping through silent galaxies —formless, faceless, forceful, fickle. This Spirit of Jesus is no vague, impersonal energy, but a being whose personhood is as separate and distinct and definite as each one of ours, and with whom, whether or not we realize it, we have the most intimate and personal relationship.

Without this Spirit, we cannot love or trust, believe or hope, smile or laugh, think or feel, be loyal or sympathetic or tender, have pity or happiness, live with the dignity of human beings or die with the confidence of angels. All that Jesus won for us by His Resurrection, the Spirit makes possible in our individual lives.

The only genuinely ominous crack in the surface of our civilization—what the Bible calls the only sin God will not forgive—is a denial of this Spirit. This is what Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn continually warns against: the blurring of all practical distinction between good and evil.

It is decadent and dangerous to indulge in evil while acknowledging the good. But the end of our society is in sight when, in the name of liberty, democracy, or detente, we cease to see evil as evil; when we ratify our own evil by passing a new law, or imply that the evil others do is all right by us provided the evil-doers leave us alone. We can see the hairline beginning of that crack in the "moral neutrality" so often trumpeted as proof of our "objectivity," as freeing us from our illusions and putting us above the suspicion of being prejudiced.

For Americans now the issue is very delicate and very important. Increasingly, over the years of the twentieth century, there has developed a very vociferous and self-righteous minority that insists that the "wall" between Church and State means that any manifestation of faith and religion is a threat to constitutional rights. So insistent have these voices been that today practically any point of view is allowable—except one shaped by religious faith. It doesn't matter whether the discussion is on politics, education, psychology, art, foreign policy, or social morality. Inevitably, a practical rule is adopted: "If it works, it's good."

If we adopt this practical rule, then psychically, economically, socially, and politically we have taken sides. We have decided that there is no absolute moral law, much less an absolute ruler of our lives whose Spirit dictates to us what constitutes our human worth and what destroys the spiritual value of our humanness. And we are thus not only prejudiced: we have succumbed to the illusion that guarantees our destruction—the illusion that our human story is merely a record of who lost or won in a merciless struggle between "higher" and "lower" animals, and not a history of how Jesus ensured that all men could be children of God and inheritors of a divine destiny.

There is not going to be a second Pentecost, for the simple reason that only one was necessary. The Spirit of God has come among us because of Jesus' victory and will never forsake the human race. And this Spirit, even now, works gently, invisibly, not with clamor or publicity or exotic effects. Now it is a question of our working in harmony with that Spirit. To commit the unforgivable sin of acting as if the Spirit were not with us will mean one thing: our disappearance from history. Instead, under the guidance of that Spirit, we can, indeed without the arrogance of imperialism, be a beacon on the hill and a light for all other men. The choice is ours. □

Epitaphs for Epigones

Here lies a politician-bloke
  acquitted of malfeasance.
He never stole from poorer folk
  without the best of reasons.

This man, on re-election bent,
  vowed to the tax-poor gallery,
"I'll not vote one more taxing cent
  except to raise my salary."

This stone is for the unborn ones
  whose chance at life was thwarted.
Who knows what wonders they'd have
    done
  had they not been aborted?

My job hunt failed again today.
  When I have starved let my stone say,
"Here lies a PhD. He died
  from being over-qualified."

—Crary Elwood

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Rod McKuen

Here he comes: the totally marketed man. In racing-stripe sneaks and blue jeans and a plain white shirt, "Performance clothes by Rod McKuen Casuals." (You mean somebody had to *design* that undress?) I've seen his face before: at the Shamrock Tavern after slo-pitch softball games. A weak, punk's mouth; take his beard away, McKuen could pass for Richard Speck, another American folk hero. The voice, shot years ago by hard rock screaming, is a sixty-forty proposition. It sounds like those cheap kazoos we bought when we were young. Remember: to get one lousy vibration from the membrane you blew your brains out—brrrrpp. It's a sung Bronx cheer. McKuen sells pain: those love ballads, women have to figure they cost him. He's in throat pain: for them. But there aren't all that many women here tonight. There aren't all that many people. McKuen, who used to sell out the neighborhood when he walked his dog, hasn't sold out half of Carnegie Hall. It's the best tribute yet to New York's taste. Maybe—light a candle—maybe Rod McKuen has had it.

McKuen is, God forgive us, "the best-selling poet of all time." America has a lot to account for: that one's right up there with Charles Bronson and nourishless cereals. A questionnaire in the program asks, "Too much poetry?___Not enough poetry?___" Believe me, a couplet, a singlet, is too much. I'd show you just how intellectually flaccid McKuen can be by extensive quotations, but I'm scared to: McKuen would probably charge me. If he talks in his sleep some flunky is there copyrighting it. Let these electric phrases—from a single birth-defected poem—suffice. Listen. 1) "Tied up in knots." 2) "Weep my guts out." 3) "Red badge of courage." If McKuen has a copyright on those zingers he can be counter-sued by the English language. McKuen's poetry is an Auschwitz for words. This could come from "Alone" or "Moment to Moment."

The quick
brown
fox jumped
over the
lazy dog. Love.

I mean, it's all in the rhythm. And the sentiment. Did you catch all that high emotion as it slouched by? No wonder McKuen's hobby is hot-air ballooning.

Yet, like Times Square go-go dancers, McKuen is stopless. Every week some new insult to your intelligence. He's working on an opera called *The Black Eagle*. Admire this funky plot line. "It's the story of a man who one day meets an eagle at the edge of a forest. Right then and there he decides that he wants to be exactly like an eagle. He runs home and tells the people in this little village how much he wants to be an eagle. Of course they think he's crazy. [Some people got no sentiment.] After a while he realizes the closest he can come to being like an eagle is to be devoured by the bird." That's nothing; wait till Clive Barnes has a bite.

But eagles aren't all. The program again: "His recently completed Rod McKuen Marriage Ceremony is currently receiving widespread attention from the international media as a truly revolutionary interpretation of the marital commitment. . . . Such ideas, while they seem to bounce out of his brain, actually take months or sometimes years of thought." Really, he shouldn't put himself to such inconvenience. Just our luck someone'll stick it in the new Episcopal Prayer Book. Pretty nice sideline that'd be: a royalty kickback on weddings. Those whom Rod McKuen hath joined together let no man put asunder.

"A most phenomenal personality and paradox," it says, "—the public loner." McKuen is a walking B film. Unloved, un-understood at home. Ran away before puberty. Rodeo hack. Film actor. DJ. Lumberjack. Army (where he wrote psychological warfare material—that's why our Korean POWs were so well prepared). Success. Of late McKuen has been trying to locate his father, who ducked out years ago. Having sired McKuen, can you blame him? And that's just what McKuen did: ducked out on his son Jean Marc, now 14. McKuen in *Good Housekeeping*: "Once he [Jean Marc] said to me, 'Being a lovechild is the best thing in the world. It means you were really wanted.' " It does? There's nothing worse than precocious mush. The apple, as my mother reminds me, didn't fall far from the tree. Of course McKuen could have married Jean Marc's *maman*, but can you visualize a married public loner? The image. The image. How could he mope, solitary, on record jacket beaches? How could he "express what so many people feel personally and cannot say themselves"? Hell, what man Jack of us could think to say, "I'm tied up in knots" or "I wept my guts out"? We need an assist.

STILL, one on my right, one on my left, two upper-middle-aged women had a good cry. Because McKuen made love to them over the p.a. system? I don't think so. The emotion was all theirs, leeched out by a few alkaline, dry words. (One can't really imagine going to bed with Rod McKuen. He'd leave sand on your sheet.) McKuen's love refers to no recognizable object: sterile, without personal affects, the X in some equation X + Y. He's like a neutered cat petting itself on walls and table legs. Self-abuse: what else would you expect from such a lonely man? "He is quick to love and quick to leave, tomorrow's man who came through town yesterday. . . . He is what each of us

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believes he should be and most of us are afraid to become." In other words: perfectly selfish. At this point style is a signal. McKuen's poetry, you see, you hear, isn't just inept, it's fundamentally immoral. Only an emotional castrato could write such banal and epicene phrases. McKuen's poetry is bad, yes. But, in the matter of feeling, he's more than that. He's a goddam liar.

Give credit, though. No one has done more to degrade language and human sensibility. Rod McKuen must be a great man. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Undefinitive

New York's Whitney Museum will spend the summer saluting the Bicentennial with a full-scale display of American sculpture, from the Indians to now. The show fills the entire building, four floors plus the pit-like open space in front. It's exhausting—and underwhelming.

The idea of such a show must have seemed like a natural. No such historical survey had been done in years, although American sculpture, especially in recent decades, has become increasingly important; moreover, there was a kind of poetic justice about it since the Whitney's founder, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, was herself a sculptor (though not of sufficient note, apparently, to be included here). The clincher must have been the sure appeal of such a project to corporate givers who love sponsoring anything labeled "definitive." The fact that its catalogue would be designed as a "standard work" (that's what all exhibition catalogues aim at these days, with non-PhD'd curators trying to prove that they can amass footnotes as well as any professor) and would be big (it weighs in at five pounds on my bathroom scale) made it even more attractive, since the generosity of the subsidizer, Chase Manhattan, could be immortalized forever on the title page.

The trouble was that in trying to be definitive, the Whitney bit off more than it could comfortably chew. On the theory that no single expert knew American sculpture from A to Z, it hit on the idea of recruiting outsiders to select exhibits and write catalogue chapters in their special fields. The result is a kind of competition. The various organizers, while not exactly working at cross-purposes, seem to have been governed less by a federal Constitution than by a sort of Articles of Confederation: each remained sovereign and independent, so that instead of an overall approach, there is an uneasy coexistence of periods, styles, interpretations. With far more space allotted to today's sculpture than to the preceding 175 years, the whole show is out of balance.

To compound the confusion, everything (except for the American Indian objects, which are seen by themselves) runs into everything else. There are too many objects shown in the first place, and the apparent lack of system further confuses the visitor and muddies up the traffic flow. Things might have been improved had the museum decided to omit coverage of American Indian art and folk art, subjects of recent important exhibitions which here are necessarily given only token treatment. This would have permitted a less crowded treatment of those little-known works of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that, to this observer, were the most interesting parts of the show.

ALL THAT white marble: Founding Fathers in Roman togas, little girls caressing a dead bird or rabbit, swooning Cleopatras, Hiram Powers' famous *Greek Slave* (unaccountably reproduced in pink on the catalogue cover). These were produced by that "white marmoreal flock" (Henry James's phrase) of expatriates, male and female, who doggedly pursued the high call of art while living a puritanical *dolce vita* in Rome from the 1820s to the 1870s. Their works, enormously prized in their own day, now exude a campy charm. They went out of style after the Civil War, when the taste for unblemished marble gave way to a preference for malleable bronze—Frederic Remington's vivid bronco busters, for instance—and for the sensitive modelings of Augustus Saint-Gaudens; the original clay heads of the black soldiers peopling the background of Saint-Gaudens' *Shaw Memorial* in Boston are among the exhibition's highlights.

The show makes clear that American sculptors in the late nineteenth century aimed at creating national monuments; theirs was a public art of war memorials, heroic statues, and tombs of the famous, the taste for which dwindled after World War I. Sculpture in the Twenties and Thirties was small, intimate; artists like William Zorach and Robert Laurent carved or modeled (there was a big controversy over which technique was more "valid") animals and mother-and-child groups, sometimes with abstract overtones but, on the whole, hardly affected by the problems posed by French abstraction. Only European émigrés like Aleksandr Archipenko and Marcel Duchamp, both of whom arrived here as mature artists, represented the European avant-garde, and their influence on native-born Americans was negligible until after World War II.

THEN, however, there emerged two American sculptors with real international clout: Alexander Calder, who had invented his mobiles in Paris in the Thirties but did not become really well-known till later, and David Smith, whose powerful welded abstractions opened new techniques to modern sculptors and gave them the impetus to create monumental works whose size rivaled and even surpassed that of earlier public sculpture. Calder's art remains very personal; like his equally gifted contemporaries, Joseph Cornell of the magic boxes and Louise Nevelson of the mysterious cubbyholed walls, he has had his imitators but few disciples. Smith's influence, on the other hand, has been enormous, extending to not only the proliferation of abstract outdoor sculpture, but also the use of cast steel, aluminum, and other industrial materials and techniques.

Unfortunately, the achievements of these and such other rare originals as Isamu Noguchi (represented by two stage pieces made for Martha Graham rather than by his uniquely refined, totem-like abstractions) are nearly lost among the second-raters; others—Mary Bauermeister's enchanting pebble arrangements, for instance—have been omitted, presumably to accommodate objects like Samaras' mirrored tunnel, which takes up acres of all-too-precious space and whose equivalent any visitor can explore on Coney Island. The show is worth seeing if only because nothing like it can be attempted for some time (it's too expensive). But definitive it certainly isn't. □

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DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

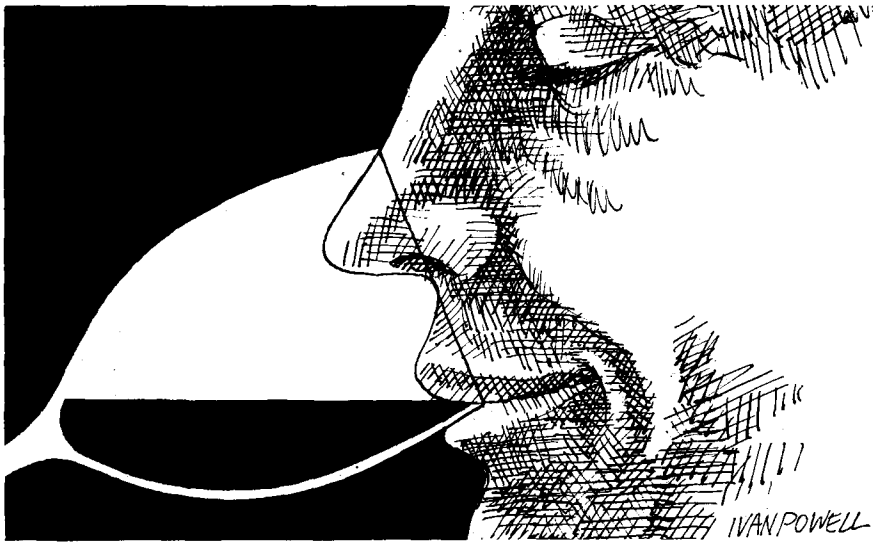
Wines and Wineries

Continuing our survey of New York State wines and winemakers from last issue, two other Finger Lakes wineries are Boordy Vineyards in Penn Yan, at the north end of Lake Keuka, and Widmer's Wine Cellars in Naples, over the hills from Hammondsport. Boordy takes its name from a small Maryland winery begun in 1945 by Phillip and Jocelyn Wagner, who were the first to introduce French hybrids into this country. Mr. Wagner found the native grape varieties wanting in flavor. He read about the French hybrids, imported some, and found they made a palatable wine. Soon he became a grape nursery expert and his wines became the local *vin du pays*. In 1968 the Wagners got together with Seneca Industries (large food processors) and now the Boordy division of Seneca operates in Maryland, Penn Yan, and Yakima, Washington. Boordy's winemaker at Penn Yan is Raymond Knafo, a Moroccan agricultural expert who studied viticulture in Geneva. Knafo is a jovial and colorful gentleman who takes pride in his varietal table wines with a European character, made from the French hybrids. His red, white, and rosé non-vintage *pinard* wines are among the best inexpensive, everyday table wines—vastly superior to what the French call *pinard*, which found its glory as a morale-booster in the trenches in World War I.

WIDMER'S IS an old, established New York State winery, founded in 1888 by John Jacob Widmer, a Swiss immigrant, who prospered sufficiently to send one of his sons to the famous Geisenheim wine school in Germany. The winery became best known for its sherries, which are made by the Spanish solera system of progressive blending. This blending process takes at least four years and removes the flavor of the *labrusca* grapes. Widmer's sherries are excellent, and the sight of the barrels on the roof—thousands of them, lying four-deep under the open sky—is quite startling.

Widmer's best known unfortified wine is Lake Niagara, sold in enormous quantities to the many who like a sweetish, *labrusca*-flavored wine. But, keeping up with the times, Widmer's also has gone for a more sophisticated market with its vintage-dated wines from Eastern grapes, among which I greatly fancy the Varennes, a fresh and dry white wine. Widmer's winemaker is Ernst Fischer, of Austrian origin, a man of considerable distinction.

There are some three dozen wineries of different sizes in New York State, of which the best known are the ones described earlier in this and my two previous columns. Nevertheless, a number of the others are of great economic consequence, catering to a large and loyal following. The large Canandaigua Wine Company owns wineries in New York, Virginia, and California, and is best known for its *labrusca*-based wines under the Virginia Dare label and its Richard's Wild Irish Rose. In upstate



New York, in Chautauqua County on Lake Erie, there is a sixty-mile stretch of vineyards growing native varieties and a few French hybrids, protected from spring and fall frosts by the lake breezes. Two large wineries are to be found here, Fredonia Products of Dunkirk and Mogen David, best known for their kosher wines. A very interesting small winery in the region, Johnson Estate Wines of Westfield, produces pleasant French hybrid wines. Its owner, Frederick S. Johnson, is an agricultural expert frequently consulted by the United Nations; when I last spoke to him he was off to the sub-Sahara. Mr. Johnson's winemaker is Austin Judd. Grapes are also grown in Niagara County (not far from the Falls), including an increasing number of French hybrids in addition to the traditional *labrusca* varieties. In Batavia, the Robin Fils Winery is best known for its Imperator New York State Champagne, though it also makes wines from native varieties.

Considering that the Erie, Chautauqua, and Niagara regions grow tremendous amounts of grapes, the number of wineries located there is small. Much of the output goes to the big kosher wineries in New York City, including the Shapiro Wine Company of Rivington Street, the Royal Wine Corporation of the Bronx, and—the leader—the Monarch Wine Company of Brooklyn, famous for its Manischewitz wines.

THERE IS no need for anybody in New York City to travel far upstate to see a winery, since the Hudson Valley is the home of several. Two of them have become known for their use of French hybrids. Benmarl Wine Company, in Marlboro, was started as a cooperative by the illustrator Mark Miller; it was bonded as a winery in 1971. Mr. Miller has done a great deal to revitalize the Hudson Valley wine region. He has experimented with different grape varieties, including *vinifera*. The Miller family has also introduced *fêtes des vignerons* into Hudson Valley winemaking, which, I am told, have added considerably to the *joie de vivre* of all who take part. The other Hudson Valley winery that makes good French hybrid wines is High Tor Vineyards in New City, on the southern slope of High Tor mountain, which lent Maxwell Anderson its name for his play. High Tor was established by Everett Crosby over twenty years ago and has enjoyed a good reputation for its Rockland line of wines from the very beginning. It is now owned by Richard

(Continues on page 635)

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BOOKS

Some Poor Boys Make Good

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America: Since 1945
By George H. Nash
Basic, 463 pp., $20

Twenty-three years ago a reporter asked Senator Robert Taft (R., Ohio) whether he had read a recent best-seller, *The Conservative Mind*, by Russell Kirk. Taft indicated that he had not, and remarked, "You remind me of Thurber's *Let Your Mind Alone.*" Eighteen years ago, one Professor Herbert McCloskey wrote an article, "Conservatives and Personality," in which he argued that conservative beliefs are generally subscribed to by "the uninformed, the poorly educated, and . . . the less intelligent." Twelve years ago . . . well, I need not remind you what was being said in 1964 about conservative writers, conservative politicians, and their Republican presidential nominee: the remarks upon these people were generally couched in grossly personal terms characterized by a vulgar scurrility unmatched in the national forum until private White House tapes were forced to go public in 1974. Yet today, "neo-conservatism" is accorded respect, however grudging at times, in most quarters.

FURTHER, even the more quotidian conservatism (whose adherents can say, in the backwash of the surrealistic Sixties, "Don't blame me—I voted for Goldwater") which predates the advent of *The Public Interest* increasingly shares that respect. In 1974, for example, Professor Friedrich A. Hayek—the libertarian refugee economist who provoked Arthur Schlesinger *fils*, the cosmopolitan liberal professor, to suggest, in 1954, before Viennese professors were chic in Washington, that "Americans have enough trouble with homegrown McCarthys without importing Viennese professors to add luster to the process"—was made co-recipient of the Nobel Prize for economics. As George Nash says, conservatism has not "won" in America—whatever "winning" might be. But it has, over a period of thirty years, made itself a force to be reckoned with in this country. Nash's work is more than a splendid book. It is, in this year of grace 1976, the right book at the right time.

And it is also the definitive work on its subject to date, both for its coverage (where else can you read a thorough explication of the relationship between the works of Leo Strauss and his disciples and the works of Willmoore Kendall?) and for the painstaking detail that informs that coverage. Nash's research is almost horrifyingly thorough: without ever permitting quotations to do his job for him, he has managed to work a vast amount of primary material into the text; there are ninety pages of notes and a seven-page bibliographical essay at the back of the book, these last printed in a typeface which, while legible, is not much larger than the small print in a notification of credit terms. The prose is clear and unpretentious and keeps good company with the book's general character, which is workmanlike rather than gaudy. *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America* is not a "thesis" book: it confines itself to plain facts of history chronologically laid out, and it refuses to allow the ideas that it traces to contravene its purpose by cutting loose from mundane events and roaming through the text like zoo balloons. Nash does not, in short, write history as Herder wrote history, nor is he an historian of the "Where we are now: where we are going" variety. Rather unfortunately, his chronological parameters are as strict as his philosophical ones: he says nothing about the conservative intellectual movement *before* 1945—did one talk about "conservatism" in America before 1932?—although an introductory chapter on the period would have put his subject in better historical perspective; and he almost ostentatiously declines to speculate about the future of the conservative movement in this country, save indirectly, through intimations that the movement can expect to be listened to in the years to come. However, the fact remains that there is currently but one comprehensive chronicle of the activities since the Second World War of conservative writers in America—and that chronicle is George Nash's.

IN 1945, after eight years of Dr. New Deal and four of Dr. Win the War, American conservatives were without honor and influence in their own country, whose history—from the election of Warren G. Harding in 1920 to the defeat of the isolationist Republican candidate, Wendell Willkie, in 1940—had, so they were assured by triumphant liberals, utterly discredited them as a reliable reservoir of social and political wisdom. Conservative politicians were out of office; conservative theoreticians were widely ignored by the established intelligentsia and, worse, were divided among themselves. However, as it became increasingly obvious that the social, economic, political, and diplomatic prejudices with which the United States was embarking upon the postwar era were tragically wrongheaded, conservative intellectuals perceived, *per* corollary, the need to meld their sectarian differences into a coherent position from which to challenge the liberal hegemony. Thus the libertarians (men of what was essentially a classical liberal stripe, like Hayek, the economist Ludwig von Mises, Frank Chodo-

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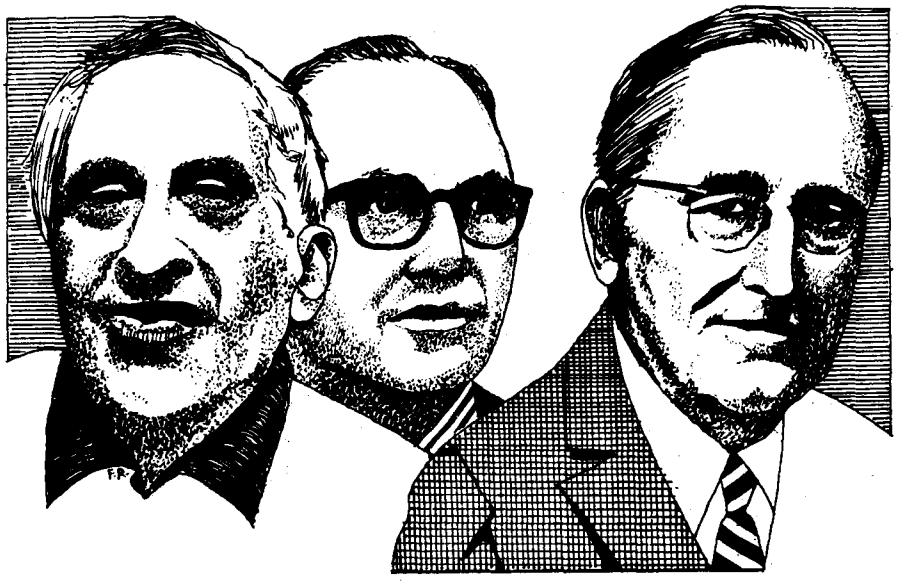
rov, and Frank S. Meyer), the anti-Communists (many of them renegades from the far Left, like James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, and Eugene Lyons; others, refugees from European dictatorships, like Stefan Possony and Gerhart Niemeyer), and the traditionalists (Richard Weaver, William Henry Chamberlin, and Russell Kirk, men who believed in the ordered world of "The Great Tradition" and spoke of natural law rather than of natural rights) began to consider the common ground shared by all of them and the ways in which it might most profitably be cultivated.

THE CONSERVATIVE intellectual movement was not the flanking arm of any political movement, although it did of course entertain hopes of eventually attaining an influence that would powerfully affect American politics. As



William F. Buckley Jr. wrote in 1955 apropos the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW, liberals "know the power of ideas, and it is largely for this reason that socialist-liberal forces have made such a great headway in the past thirty years. . . . We have got to have allies among the intellectuals, and we propose to renovate conservatism and see if we can't win some of them around." Thus the conservative intellectuals devoted themselves, in the first ten or so years after the war, to establishing the organs for their ideas: Henry Regnery founded his Chicago publishing firm in 1947; Chodorov founded his one-man journal, *analysis*, in 1944; Leonard Read established the Foundation for Economic Education in 1946. And in 1955, Buckley, at the instigation of William Schlamm, founded NATIONAL REVIEW.

The liberals responded to the phenomenon of a renascent intellectual Right with spouts of public indignation, gutterings of scorn, and violently emotional alarums. For this pervid reaction there were a number of reasons. First, the period from 1945 to 1950 was supremely trying for liberals, both domestic and foreign: as Alonzo Hamby has described them in a brilliant book (*Beyond the New Deal: Harry S. Truman and American Liberalism*, 1973), their ranks were divided and they themselves wobbly with self-doubt as they stumbled miserably toward that green oasis in which sat Schlesinger, drunk on branch water and babbling of the "vital center." Secondly, the reforms and institutions fabricated by the New Dealers had yet to be ratified by time: in the late Forties they were less secure, so liberals suspected, than either they hoped or conservatives feared. Lastly—and, perhaps, most importantly—the liberals, as Buckley had noted, were in perfect agreement with the title of Weaver's widely discussed *Ideas Have Consequences* (1948): thus a gaggle of conservative intellectuals affrighted them far more than a bunch of conservative politicos like Taft and Senator Robert S. Kerr.

So American liberals reacted vigorously to abort the conservative intellectual rebirth, partly by treating its leading lights with blatant disregard for the good manners which they generally insist that purveyors of Ideas—even the Ideas of children and terrorists—be accorded (Schlesinger said of Burnham's *Containment or Liberation?* in 1953 that it was "an absurd book by an absurd man"); partly by attempting to dictate to them the terms to which conservatism in America is subject and the criteria according to which an American may rightly consider himself a conservative. In 1955 Professor Louis Hartz argued in *The Liberal Tradition in America* that the liberalism of Locke constitutes the sole American political tradition. Meanwhile Clinton Rossiter—who was not, he said, really sure that he *was* a conservative—wrote that America is "a progressive country with a Liberal tradition" and a "Liberal mind": Rossiter concluded that the main differences between the Left and the Right were those of "mood and bias." The Harvard political scientist Samuel Huntington insisted that conservatism in America is an expression neither of feudal and aristocratic principles nor of absolute and eternal truths, but rather a "situational" philosophy "arising out of a distinct but recurring type of historical situation in which a fundamental challenge is directed at established institutions": thus, said Professor Huntington, it is the liberals who "must be the conservatives in America today" and whose mission it is to defend "liberal, popular, and democratic American institutions." Fortunately conservatives understood that, as Francis Wilson said, allowing liberal intellectuals to define the conservative movement for them would be fatal to that movement. And so they set out to accomplish that task for themselves.

IT OCCURRED to them that if America were, as liberal thinkers argued, a distinctive country, then the conclusion that one might sensibly elicit from that fact was not, as many liberals would have it, that the separation between the American Left and Right was based upon no valid philosophical differences, but rather that American conservatism must itself be distinctive. If conservatism in America meant neither Edmund Burke nor John Stuart Mill, then that did not prove that it meant nothing. As Willmoore Kendall, the Yale political scientist, argued, there was little in the Constitution to support much of the libertarian dissent from the American political structure; yet it was true also that the history of a fluid, dynamic, and industrializing nation had been in many fundamental ways inimical to the Burkean philosophy of Russell Kirk. It was

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RANDOM NOTES

■ NEW IN PAPERBACK: So far neither the perpetrators of modern art nor its entrepreneurs have found the proper words, painted or otherwise, with which to confound Tom Wolfe's *The Painted Word* (Bantam, $1.75). . . . Stephen Weed's *My Search for Patty Hearst* (Warner, $1.95) is probably going to lead him instead to that big pot of gold. . . . You've probably forgotten all about *The Great Train Robbery* (Bantam, $1.95) by Michael Crichton. . . . Lucy Dawidowicz' splendid *The War against the Jews: 1933-45* (Bantam, $2.50) is now priced for the masses.

■ LAST OF THE JUNE CROP: Michael Wheeler's *Lies, Damn Lies and Statistics: The Manipulation of Public Opinion in America* (Liveright, $9.95) proves that polling is no more an exact science than est or sociology. . . . James A. Michener must have worked up a healthy sweat over *Sports in America* (Random House, $12.50). . . . Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau should have sung this one: his *Wagner and Nietzsche* (Seabury, $12.95). . . . The author and publisher have very thoughtfully reproduced large amounts of formerly offending matter in Felice Flanery Lewis' *Literature, Obscenity, and Law* (Illinois University Press, $20). . . . George D. Aiken, senator from Vermont, provides his own—and much more charitable—version of "the final days" with the publication of *Aiken: Senate Diary January 1972–January 1975* (Stephen D. Greene Press, $12). . . . "You involve yourself with a very low grade of person when you become a thief," says Willie Sutton in *Where the Money Was* (Viking, $10). . . . Stanley H. Brown has written a book about Dallas' late Grade A First Citizen in *H. L. Hunt: A Biography* (Playboy Press, $10).

Old-fashioned but very well written is Mary E. Pearce's saga of life in the rural Midlands in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries: *Apple Tree Lean Down* (St. Martin's, $10). . . . Soon you can buy *The Plant Doctor in His Vegetable Garden: A Beginner's Handbook* (Running Press, $3.95) by Richard Nicholls. All right, have it your way—you heard a squash scream. . . . Watch out for the "destructive potential of total male control of human thought!" Twenty-one Sister Intellectuals and the founder of the Wisconsin Coordinating Council of Women in Higher Education tell you why in *Beyond Intellectual Sexism: A New Woman, A New Reality* (McKay, $12.95), edited by Joan I. Roberts. . . . Nelson Thompson, as judged by his book *The Dark Side of Camelot* (Playboy Press, $1.75), has less respect for the Kennedys than has the editorial board of the *National Enquirer*. . . . Joseph Graedon's *The People's Pharmacy* (St. Martin's, $7.95) argues that there is no such thing as a safe drug. It should be read by, among other people, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey.

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the invaluable contribution of Frank S. Meyer, a former Communist who had come to believe that "Society and the state were made for individual men, not men for them," to propose what he called "fusionism"—a concept which, though it was to be sorely tried on a number of occasions, and although it has frequently operated as a sort of intellectual convenience, has nevertheless served successfully as the center of gravity of the postwar conservative intellectual movement.

"According to Meyer," writes Mr. Nash, "the American conservative movement was the victim of a tragic 'bifurcation' of the Western tradition in the nineteenth century. On one side were the authoritarian conservatives, rightly concerned for virtue and order but wrongly willing to use government to achieve their ends. They confused the moral and political realms. On the other side were the classical liberals, commendably devoted to the limited state, the autonomous individual, and the free economy. But *they* were increasingly indifferent to the 'organic moral order,' and unable 'to distinguish between the *authoritarianism* with which men and institutions suppress the freedom of men, and the authority of God and truth." What was wanted therefore, said Meyer, was a conservatism which took the best of both traditions and "fused" them. And although, as I have said, conservatives have on numerous occasions seen fit to challenge the concept of fusionism and to deny that there is in fact any common ground shared by the variegated philosophies of those who regard themselves as conservatives, it appears nevertheless, from the vantage point of the 1970s, that Meyer's concept has proved its worth. As Peter P. Witonski has written: "We are all libertarians; we are all traditionalists"; fusionism, William Buckley has said, *is* the conservative consensus. Even during the crazed 1960s the conservative intellectual coalition eroded only at the edges, as Karl Hess (the Goldwater speechwriter) and his radical libertarian friends took themselves off to their houseboats and Appalachian shacks.

That fusionism has succeeded in holding in tension an individualism balanced by a commitment to the traditional authority of social ascription and of divine law, has provided the conservative intellectual movement with the ability to counter the alternating salients of American liberalism. For the liberal movement—or, if you prefer, Establishment—is of course itself an example of the power of positive fusionism: liberalism, like conservatism, is a rope twisted from two strands, one strand to bind the power of the state, one to tie the irresponsible hands of the atomic individual. When, in the Fifties, the liberals were lassoing individualism with the ropy tenets of button-down statism, the libertarian and anti-majoritarian aspects of the conservative movement were in the ascendancy; whereas in the ultrapermissive Sixties, when liberalism stretched the concept of individual rights *ad absurdum* and seemed, very often, to find little or nothing in the heritage of the West to be worthy of preservation, conservatives stressed the authoritative side of The Great Tradition and listed heavily toward Kendall's majoritarianism.

THUS Frank Meyer wrote in 1959 that "The role of radical is temperamentally alien to the conservative, but in the circumstances of Liberal domination under which we live, that role is required of him"; whereas William Buckley wrote in 1971 that "It was now up to conservatives—often the critics of twentieth century America—to stand *for* it." In other words, the conservative intellectual movement since the war has indeed been partly "situational," as Huntington said it is the essential nature of conservatism to be. In fact, Huntington's insistence that, for their defense of the modern state they have wrought, the liberals must themselves stand as conservatives appears at first glance to be in the process of vindication at the hands of the neo-conservatives, people like Pat Moynihan, Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell, Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter: the *Public Interest* and *Commentary* set.

It remains significant, however, that the members of that set have not been dubbed "neo-*liberals*." It can be argued, I believe, that, while the thinking of the conservative intelligentsia in America has been shaped partly by the excesses

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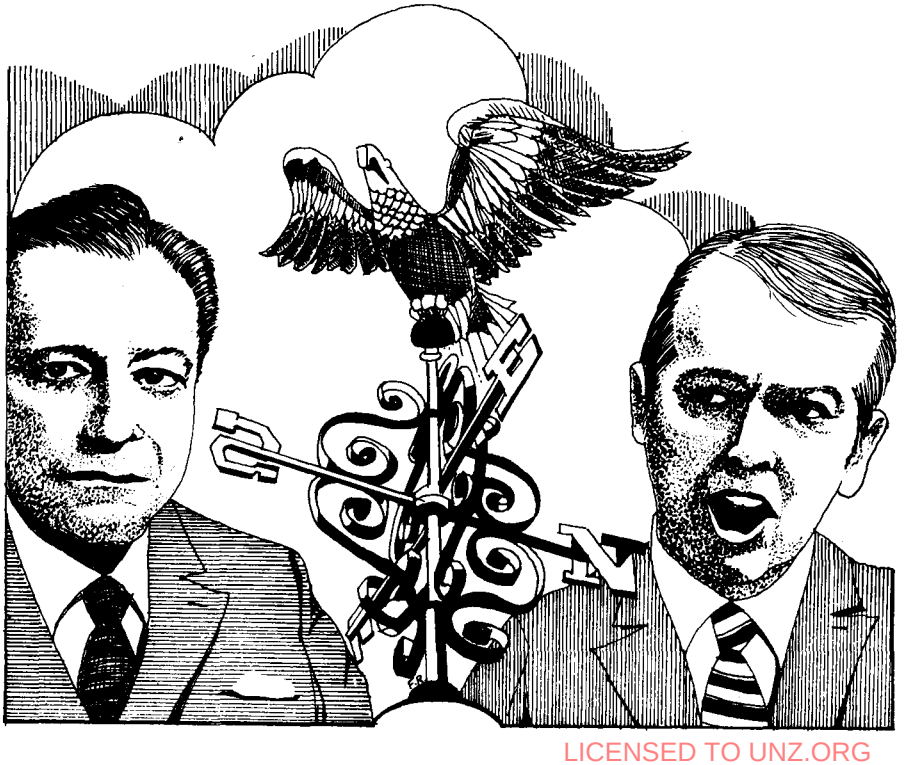
of its philosophical opponents, what has been vindicated in the conservative intellectual tradition is its dogged adherence—an adherence which liberals have historically eschewed—to a belief in a system of absolute principles that denies the validity of positivistic ones. "Liberalism," said Richard Weaver, "cannot postulate anything positive [i.e., absolute] because such affirmations carry with them exclusions, and the only source Liberalism can recognize for exclusion is intolerance or 'narrowmindedness.' " "Vitiated by fear and by lack of conviction in the truth of his own doctrine," wrote John Hallowell, ". . . [the liberal has] neither the courage born of conviction nor the words to condemn despotism." Hence the word "freedom" is, for the liberal, infinitely elastic: it can be stretched to mean "freedom from want," "freedom from class differences," "freedom from material inequalities," and so forth. But the American conservative theoretician has steadfastly refrained from the temptations to play fast and loose with the term. And so Mr. Nash writes that "What divided Left and Right were profoundly divergent views about the nature of freedom." The conservative concept of freedom has, for thirty years, remained magnificently uncorrupted by the shifting ambiguities with which the Left has played with the term.

Although Kristol argues that he and other carriers of neo-conservatism have not moved right but that the Left, rather, has moved further left ("if the political spectrum moved rightward, and we should become 'neo-liberal' tomorrow, I could accept that too," he wrote recently in *Newsweek*. "As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be too surprised if just that happened"), his argument is not a very convincing one. True it is, of course, that the Left *has* moved further left during the last decade; true it is that the aberrant drift of kooky leftism has produced a situation in which rational beings of differing political perspectives feel themselves impelled to defend together such pillars of the West's future as strong national defenses, rationality, public order, and public civility; true too that in the context of the broad sweep of Western political debate, to defend such things is not to hold what are pre-eminently "conservative" views.

And yet, in the observations of people like Kristol, one glimpses signs, I suspect, that what has latterly become most precious to their authors is the concept that the meaning of human freedom and of "values" in general is non-negotiable. In his *Newsweek* column (Jan. 19, 1976), Kristol identified several of the characteristics, as he sees them, of the neo-conservative persuasion: "while being for the welfare state, it is opposed to the paternalistic state"; it "has great respect—it is fair to say it has *learned to have great respect* [my italics]—for the power of the market to respond efficiently to economic realities while preserving the maximum degree of human freedom"; it "tends to be respectful of traditional values and institutions: religion, the family, the 'high culture' of Western civilization"; "In foreign policy, neo-conservatism believes that American democracy is not likely to survive for long in a world that is overwhelmingly hostile to American values. . . ." Case rests. If in recent years conservatism and responsible liberalism have indeed converged, it is clear that the conservatives' field of gravity has proved ultimately to be more powerful than that of the liberals.



NEVERTHELESS, and irrespective of whether my diagnosis is or is not correct, it remains a certainty that conservatives have a long way to go to establish their persuasion as the public philosophy of the American mainstream. What is equally certain, however, is that it has established itself as a force of increasing puissance in American politics and in the ongoing social debate that attends our political activities. If the Fifties were the decade of consolidation and self-definition for the conservative intellectual movement, then the early Sixties were its years of preparation—to employ Nash's own terms. In 1968, conservative theoreticians helped to put over the presidential candidate whom they favored. By 1976, through such scholars as Edward Banfield, they had registered upon the developers of the liberal social programs a cogent dissenting view of their activities; through Milton Friedman and others of the so-called Chicago School of economics, they had offered precise, specific programs to enter the lists against the liberal panaceas, thus advancing well beyond the much more vague and theoretical prescriptions of the Austrian School, to which both F. A. Hayek and Ludwig von Mises belong. And if they had not, since 1945, developed a record of tremendous ideological consistency, then they had at least, over the years, arrived at a point at which, as Nash says, "the need to articulate an historical rationale seemed to lose some of its urgency. Something *called* conservatism was winning adherents, and in these circumstances it became increasingly difficult to chide it for supposedly not belonging to the main currents of American history."

And now, having read my creative exegesis, go to the book yourself. □

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The Growth of American Government: A Morphology of the Welfare State
By Roger A. Freeman
Hoover Institution, 228 pp., $8.95; paper, $2.95

ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH

ALAN REYNOLDS

This remarkable work evolved out of an article that appeared a decade ago in NATIONAL REVIEW. The intervening years have been well spent, making a strong case even stronger. The scope of the book is truly heroic, covering every conceivable aspect of the relentless growth of "the wayward welfare state." There is a staggering amount of solid information, including fifty statistical tables. Yet the study is tightly put together, well focused, and easily accessible to the general reader. The author is deeply involved in his subject, and conveys his interest and excitement in lively anecdotes and vivid phrases.

The book is far too comprehensive to summarize. Freeman has something worthwhile to say about education, crime, unions, energy, population, income redistribution, New York City, and nearly everything else. Not a word of it is ordinary or routine.

After demolishing various excuses for an ever-expanding government involvement in our personal lives, Freeman provides a clear statement of the key issue regarding the size and scope of government: "The larger a share of an individual's product or resources government takes from him or spends for him, the less an individual can allocate to his manifold needs and wants . . . according to his own judgment, desire, or preference." We don't really know what we are getting from each dollar the government spends, because "no gauge has been found yet by which we can measure the value of public services that are not sold to consumers but given away."

A basic theme of the volume is that federal taxes, spending, and employment did *not* increase very rapidly, from 1952 to 1972, relative to the comparable growth in other sorts of spending. Freeman has a great deal of fun launching this heresy, announcing that it "may come as a surprise to many usually well-informed persons that federal expenditures increased in the past twenty years at about the same rate as the GNP or personal income." The main explanation of this apparent paradox is that massive growth of federal domestic programs has been offset by equally impressive cutbacks in defense spending. Defense dropped from 14.3 to 7.2 per cent of GNP, while federal domestic spending soared from 3.9 to 12.1 per cent. Still, the dominant impression that overall federal spending has grown slowly is somewhat misleading. Some important qualifications are scattered throughout the book—e.g., that federal programs often encouraged or required rapid growth in state and local hiring and spending—but these qualifications tend to be overwhelmed by the main theme, and could easily be neglected by the hasty reader.

FURTHERMORE, Freeman's practice of comparing 1952 with 1972 tends to obscure some dramatic changes that have occurred since 1965. Spending by governments at all levels hovered around 33 per cent of National Income from 1952 to 1965, but has since risen steadily to about 40 per cent. Moreover, federal non-defense spending has been increasing at an accelerating pace—8.9 per cent per year from 1960 to '65; 12 per cent from 1965 to '70; 14.7 per cent from 1970 to '73; and 21.9 per cent from 1973 through the third quarter of 1975. Defense spending, of course, has shrunk from 47 to 24 per cent of the federal budget since the relatively tranquil year of 1960, despite the fact that the portion of the military budget going to personnel jumped from 41 to 55 per cent. A volunteer army is not free.

Finally, no existing measure of government spending really captures the growing burden of government, since Congress has developed many clever ways of effecting its purposes without any impact on the budget. Off-budget agencies and government-sponsored enterprises use guaranteed or subsidized credit to divert scarce capital from market-determined uses to politically determined uses, raising the cost of credit to borrowers who lack the federal blessing. Outlays of such agencies exceeded $28 billion in fiscal 1975, and they are not included in the budget.

Other agencies such as OSHA and EPA impose huge costs on private producers seeking to understand and meet shifting standards. Either these costs must be passed on to consumers, or the affected firms must go out of business (thus reducing supply and raising the price). Still other agencies, such as the ICC and the CAB, actively maintain restrictive practices and enforce high cartel pricing. The cost of all these interventions is well over $10 billion each year.

"The overall federal tax burden," says Freeman, "has not increased in the past twenty years because federal taxes were cut in the 1954, 1964, and 1969 revenue acts." In fact, these apparent reductions in tax rates have been offset by inflation's pushing people into higher tax brackets, diluting standard deductions and exemptions, and generating unreal income from interest and capital gains that was taxed as if it represented an increase in purchasing power. Also, the enormous growth in Social Security taxes has outbalanced any relief from the individual income tax. An average family earned $5,000 in 1953 and paid 12 per cent in direct taxes (8 per cent federal). An equivalent family earned $13,000 in 1974 and paid 23 per cent in direct taxes (10 per cent federal). Adding indirect taxes, especially the corporate income tax, would push these figures much higher.

THE BOOK IS studded with a few pieces of policy advice that require more thought. "Would the United States not be better off," asks Freeman, "if it guaranteed everybody an opportunity *to earn* a living instead of accepting the principle that the government *owes* everybody a living?" The dichotomy is dismal. In both alternatives the government is trying to transfer real income from those who produce something that is clearly valued by others (because they choose to pay for it) to those who do not. The scope for thus divorcing production from the rewards for production is severely limited, because capital and labor can usually move or withdraw services in order to escape such exploitation. Any method of financing the payroll of a guaranteed public employment scheme —whether through taxes, borrowing, or inflation—destroys private production and employment. There is a net addition to employment only if the guaranteed jobs pay so poorly that average real wage rates in the economy are lowered.

Freeman argues that "government employment cannot possibly rise in the

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next twenty to 28 years at as fast a rate as it did in the preceding twenty years. Nor is there any reason why it should" (since school enrollments will be down). He believes that the share of GNP channeled through government "could well go higher by a few percentage points," but should level off soon. Considering only the potential expansion of government payrolls from job creation schemes, however—and not mentioning a nationalized health insurance monopoly—it is not hard to imagine another sizable burst in government employment. Nor is it inconceivable that government could account for 56 per cent of GNP by the year 2000 (an extension of the 1955-75 trend). If the private economy remains stagnant, as a result of policies which discourage private capital formation (taxes, regulations, and a huge stock of government securities competing with investment in real capital), even relatively modest government growth could result in government's becoming quite large relative to total income. Britain is an obvious example.

These critical reflections should not detract from the enormous value of this book. Nothing so comprehensive could remain uncontroversial without being dull, and this book is anything but dull. Freeman neatly anticipated the major issues of the presidential campaign, and placed them in an appropriate historical setting. For a proper understanding of the significance of Leviathan's diet, there is no better source.

It is not true that government spends money like a drunken sailor. Sailors spend their own money. □

FICTION

Hearing Secret Harmonies
By Anthony Powell
Little, Brown, 272 pp., $7.95

AN ACQUIRED TASTE

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

On grounds of quantity alone Anthony Powell's long novel-sequence, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, which is really a single 12-volume novel, deserves admiration. It contains a million words and has taken 25 years to complete. It is, by any standards, a major literary achievement. Publication of the final volume, *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, has inevitably been used as a proper occasion for reassessing the whole work. In England the chorus of critical praise has been loud and, indeed, virtually unanimous.

In America too Anthony Powell has passionate adherents: but he is not, and would not aspire to be, to everybody's taste. He requires a cultivated palate. Some people find him intolerably dull, which is quite understandable. It is for those of us who find him very far from dull to try to communicate our pleasure.

The difficulty is that *A Dance to the Music of Time*, like Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (a work which it resembles in no other way except size), is literally unique. There is no other literary suite quite like it: and it is therefore very difficult to describe to those who haven't read it.

THE FIRST necessary warning is that Anthony Powell is not Evelyn Waugh. He is not funny as Waugh was funny, nor has he Waugh's astringency. They were contemporaries and their worlds touched, that's all. *A Dance to the Music of Time* begins at Eton in 1921 (though neither the school nor the year is exactly specified) and ends more or less in the present day, having traced—or, rather, having observed through recurring glimpses—the lives and fortunes of a large group of characters, most of them upper-middle-class and many of them connected with art or literature. Debutante dances and country house weekends, weddings and funerals, eccentric relations, inflated tycoons, scheming dons, shabby hotels, mediums and mystics, adultery and divorce, wartime and the peculiar flavor of a regimental mess, postwar London, a conference in Venice, university riots (seen at a distance through the television news), hippie cults, a Royal Academy dinner, melancholy English countryside: composed of scene after scene, shifting kaleidoscopically but held together by a growing web of memories and gossip, *A Dance to the Music of Time* does constitute a vivid and quite authentic impression of what life was like in England for a certain sort of people during a particular period.

But that is by no means the point. Although details are drawn with great precision, the background is kept curiously uncertain. The focus is always on individuals, not events. Things happen, there are interesting small surprises; unexpected relationships develop and change; but there is no plot in the ordinary sense. Indeed, Mr. Powell has said that one reason why he embarked on a project of this shape was that he finds it difficult to invent plots, and therefore liked the idea of spreading a single narrative over many volumes.

But if there is no plot there is a theme, explicitly stated at the beginning and constantly referred to later. It was suggested by Poussin's painting "in which the Seasons, hand in hand and facing outward, tread in rhythm to the notes of the lyre that the winged and naked greybeard plays. The image of Time brought thoughts of mortality: of human beings, facing outward like the Seasons, moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognizable shape: or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle: unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance." These patterns, meaningless or mysterious, are woven around a narrator, Nick Jenkins, who himself provides a cool, still point (not absolutely cool or absolutely still, for Jenkins does have his own lightly sketched story) from which they can be observed. Nick has a love affair, he marries, he participates marginally: but he explores his own emotions very little. Mr. Powell once described him as "a device rather than a character."

HIGH DRAMA is not Anthony Powell's line: the passions, the deaths, the decisive actions mostly happen off stage. Nor is he, or Nick Jenkins speaking for him, at all inclined to be censorious. Both observe and scrupulously analyze people's behavior, and then just accept it with a wry smile or a shrug. Therefore Mr. Powell's characters—like most of the people we meet in everyday life—tend not to be clearly nice or clearly nasty or, indeed, clearly anything. They simply exist: they are themselves: and their motives, however interested we may be, remain ultimately unfathomable.

English readers who inhabit the same social milieu as Mr. Powell have been tempted to try to identify his characters, to say that they were based on this

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or that familiar figure. His own comment, made in a speech of thanks when he received a literary prize for the 11th volume in the series, was characteristic. "It is very generally known," he said, "that, of all creatures in the community, novelists have the least imagination. All they do is to write down things that have happened to themselves, linking these events with their own friends and acquaintances, whose names they slightly alter. It is easy to know that, because even people who've never read a given novel—perhaps never read books at all—will always be able to tell you who all the characters in a contemporary novel are 'meant to be.' "

THERE IS one character, however, who, as not infrequently happens in the strange process of literary creation, has come monstrously alive and dominates the book beyond its author's intention. Kenneth Widmerpool, who appears in the first chapter of the first volume as a gauche and unattractively determined schoolboy running out of the mist, forces his way, relentlessly ambitious and trendy, through the entire sequence: as a pompous young businessman, a self-important staff officer, a Labor politician, a Life Peer, the masochistically liberal chancellor of a new university, and finally an elderly member of a youthful cult, running off into the mist again—to his doom. Widmerpool is almost a Dickensian grotesque: but he is also horribly like several eminent and disastrous figures who have contributed to the shaping of postwar Britain. Widmerpool is not "meant to be" any single person, but we know him only too well.

A Dance to the Music of Time is a very English book in its social subtleties, its understatement, its gentle irony, and its beautifully controlled use of the English language. It may represent an acquired taste, but, once the taste has been acquired, it offers marvelously civilized entertainment. This last volume, *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, brings the music to its close with a suitably dying fall. It is as good as any of its predecessors. There has been no slackening whatsoever of Mr. Powell's achievement.

He makes us see not only his world, but ours, through his eyes. Not only his characters, but our own lives and the lives which are constantly weaving and unweaving themselves around us, become part of the pattern, part of the inexplicable dance. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ARCTIC PASSAGE, *by William R. Hunt (Scribner's, 395 pp., $12.95).* William R. Hunt has produced a study typical of the popular history published in the 1970s. Although he attempts to chronicle the story of the Bering Strait, he never manages to shake off this decade's intellectual conventions. Hunt feeds the reader standard fare: on page two the Russians as colonialists begin to "plunder and oppress the natives," but the book concludes, in the Spirit of Helsinki, that the peoples on both sides of the Strait have much to gain from each other. Biography, expeditions, biology, the whaling industry, the U.S. purchase of Alaska, Klondike gold, Russian Communism, and World War II are all discussed in *Arctic Passage*. Some of the biographical anecdotes and recent history are engaging, but the book is poorly edited, the syntax and diction are bad, the rhetoric is occasionally improper, and the whole manifests a perceptible lack of cultural and political understanding. Hunt is unable to *prefer*. He deplores Russians who considered the housing of the Aleuts primitive: after all, the dwellings were warm even if they did reek of urine and seal-oil. Students who " 'sing Red Army songs in Chukchi' " convince him that the Soviet Union's approach was more intelligent and gentle than America's: the USSR preserved the native tongue. *Arctic Passage* will be dated, one likes to think, in five years, when "detente" is a dirty word. After that, it will merely demonstrate how naïvely American popular historians in the 1970s underestimated not only colonialism but also their own culture and language.

DANIEL E. RITCHIE

A LIFETIME ON DEADLINE, *by George W. Healy Jr. (Pelican, 287 pp., $12.50).* For many a Southern journalist, the road to fortune is paved with the regional mores he mangles underfoot. Let a Southern editor sternly lecture his fellow townsmen on the subject of antiquated notions, and forthwith the ears of Pulitzer Prize judges prick up. Which may be one reason why George Healy, editor of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* until his retirement in 1972, sports no Pulitzers. Healy is neither angry Southerner nor fierce advocate-journalist, only an enthusiastic newsman intensely proud of his craft, and of his heritage. In his memoirs, Healy, who was a top official of the Office of War Information, sets forth the astounding notion that in time of war, the journalist is an American before he is anything else, even a journalist. Healy maintains that "the public needs a responsible press far more than it needs an unrestrained press." He can't stand modern newsmen's manners, and he declines to absolutize the people's "right to know." "I advocate many old-fashioned things," he confesses, "including work." The Mississippi-born Healy came to the *Times-Picayune* in 1926. He seems to have known everyone. Of Richard Nixon, a close friend, he cannot believe the rawness so lately exposed. "I never heard him utter an expletive or a threat. In our relations I observed no callousness in him." He also gives revealing glimpses of William Faulkner, whom he knew as a first-class golfer, and of Huey Long, a more vital but less likable presence than T. Harry Williams made him in the Pulitzer Prize biography. Healy's account of the *Times-Picayune*'s fight against the Long machine is absorbing. It was the kind of fight an old-fashioned journalist could heartily throw himself into; one having less to do with press power than with moral principle.

WILLIAM MURCHISON

THE PROMISE AND THE PERFORMANCE, *by Lewis J. Paper (Crown, 408 pp., $9.95).* One gingerly approaches a book whose subtitle promises an objective assessment of President Kennedy's leadership, especially when the author's credits include a degree from Harvard Law and checkered service as political spear-carrier for assorted liberals from LBJ to Senator Gaylord Nelson. Oddly enough, Paper delivers. This is a balanced study of a pragmatist who seldom allowed his political progress to be burdened by the excess baggage of ideology. Remembering George Sokolsky's classic rejoinder to the Birchers (Eisenhower wasn't a Communist —he was a golfer), I am moved to say that John Kennedy wasn't an ideologue—he was a stylist. Not since FDR has a leader been so adept at playing the media like a finely tuned violin. The young maestro would not suffer discord, as CBS discovered during the 1960 campaign. Piqued by some sour notes, JFK promised, "Wait till I'm President, I'll cut [network president] Stanton's balls off." As President he demanded reprisals against NBC for a critical Huntley-Brinkley commentary about the steel price controversy. Such petulance extended to the cancellation of newspaper subscriptions and several attempts to effect the transfer of unfriendly correspondents. Ah, but a stylist can be forgiven blemishes that would sully the profiles of lesser mortals! What if the legislative record was anemic and the foreign policy lurched from one crisis to another—there was always the promise of the second term. Here is the rub. How does one criticize a dream deferred? Which is precisely why the Kennedy mystique will remain intact. Lest the lure of Camelot distort our historical perspective, Paper reminds us that "an attractive personality is no guarantee of good government; and a society that places its primary faith in the temperament of its leaders rather than in the wisdom of its procedures is courting disaster."

ALAN L. MILLER

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PETER
(Continued from page 617)

that the military was not at all eager to inherit it; whoever took on the unpleasant task of bringing order out of chaos would make himself very unpopular. Third, the military knew it would be playing into the hands of the terrorists, who wanted the military takeover. The terrorists reasoned thus: It is difficult to win the sympathies of the masses if you attack a government elected by the same masses; but if you can claim that the government is illegal, that it came to power by force and in contravention of the constitution, you can expect calls for revolution to be far more popular. Nevertheless, when the situation became truly desperate and the country seemed on the verge of going under, the armed forces acted. They removed Mrs. Perón from office and took power.

The armed forces now run Argentina through a junta that includes the commanders-in-chief of the army, the navy, and the air force. General Videla, commander-in-chief of the army and of the joint forces, is now President, although he resisted an officers' attempt to put him in power last December. He is an austere fifty-year-old, highly respected by his colleagues. "He is more a soldier than a politician," says one of them, "and more a moralist than a soldier." He is also an ardent Catholic. A colonel serving under him jokes: "When Videla makes known his program, he will probably do it by a pastoral letter."

The first effect of the takeover was that the Argentine peso stabilized on the parallel market; goods that hadn't been seen for weeks reappeared; production went up; signs of confidence were visible everywhere. Confidence, together with patience, is what will be needed most. The work ahead is hard, and it will take a very long time and require many sacrifices before order—economic and political—can be restored. If it can, and if the new rulers of Argentina resist the temptation toward regimentation that seems to be built into the military mentality, Argentina's future may be happier than her recent Peronist past. □

HAZELTON
(Continued from page 626)

Voigt, whose winemaker is Father Lee Hayes.

The oldest active Hudson Valley winery is the Brotherhood Winery in Washingtonville, whose first vineyards were laid out in the 1830s. The winery survived Prohibition by supplying the clergy and religious groups. Brotherhood makes some twenty popular wines, including sherries and sparkling wines. Its ancient caves, resembling those found under European wineries, are a major tourist attraction in the Hudson Valley. In Highland, the Hudson Valley Wine Company produces a range of sparkling and table wines on its 325-acre estate. Moving with the times, the company has already begun growing some French hybrids besides the native varieties. Marlboro Industries, in the town of Marlboro, produces table and sparkling wines, some of them kosher.

No one visiting the wine regions of New York and California can help being surprised at the differences between them, which go beyond New York's concentration on *labrusca* grapes and French hybrids and California's concentration on *vinifera* grapes. California abounds with small and smaller wineries making premium wines; there are few of these in New York. One reason is that, unlike New York, California has much smaller license fees for small wineries than for large ones. Moreover, in California, wineries may sell their wines retail or wholesale, at the winery or by mail order; not so in New York. A "Small Wineries Bill" that would help change this state of affairs is currently awaiting action by the New York State legislature.

Increased competition from California and European imports has spurred New York State wineries to publicize their products more aggressively. In February, the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets held an extremely successful industry-wide tasting at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York. Complementing these wines was an array of New York State apples and cheese. Many participants were pleasantly surprised by the quality of the wines. Meanwhile, the Geneva Agricultural Experiment Station and Cornell University are expanding their work in grape-growing and winemaking. Personally, I learned more from

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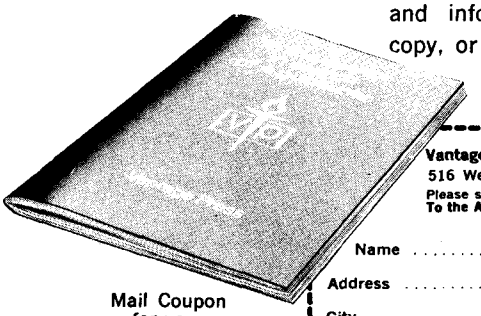

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the Geneva people than from anyone else. They can even make subjects like "the malolactic fermentation of wine" understandable.

The New York State wineries themselves, as I said in my previous articles, are producing more sophisticated wines for a public used to wines from Europe and California, and New York State champagnes and sherries are among the nation's best. With all this lovely and very available wine, an inveterate wine lover like myself wishes that New Yorkers would drink wine with their meals as readily as Californians and Europeans do. Why, in the heart of our New York State wine country, do restaurants do so little cooking with wine, and why do they have such limited wine lists in the midst of plenty? Why does New York State, unlike so many other states, make it illegal to sell table wines in supermarkets?

I would recommend touring the New York State wine country as one of the most pleasant things to do on a vacation. All the wineries are extremely hospitable and eager to give winery tours and samplings of their wines (juice for the kids). Go now. I guarantee that you'll love it. □

KUX

(Continued from page 620)

was evasive; there is no such class left and no longer any private property, he conceded, but "man as bourgeois" lives on. With the aid of the Party and the Masses, however, he saw his "errors" and corrected them. In October 1968, Shih was elected chairman of the revolutionary committee of his firm; in October 1970, he became head of the commerce department of the city of Sian, and is responsible for its industry and supplies. We had the impression that we were talking to an opportunist.

Quite different was the 33-year-old musician Tchang Tan-hsiao, who impressed us with his excellent violin-playing. He is a member of the Party committee of the Sian theater group. He studied piano and composition at the music academy. Three of his compositions have been performed in Sian, but were not particularly liked, he confessed, by the workers and farmers. Here in Nanniwan he could compose better than in the city, and in four months he had already written five new works, which had been well received by the cadre school. Tchang is convinced that through physical labor he can improve both his playing and his composing, as well as get a better feeling for workers and farmers.

The cadre school at Nanniwan is certainly no concentration camp, as is often said of the cadre school "of the 7th May." To contradict such stories, foreign tourists are brought here, and there are even signposts in English. But after observing the place and hearing the spirited defenses by the cadre, there remains some uneasiness. Even Edgar Snow, who was sympathetic to the Communist system in China, left Nanniwan with mixed emotions and compared it to Alice's Wonderland, a world behind a mirror.

How would we react if we had to undergo this kind of training? Were bureaucrats stripped of power and forced to do manual tasks, they might learn to deal with others more sympathetically. But what about doctors? How can China afford to make trained doctors bake bricks and feed pigs, when doctors are needed everywhere? The cadres at Nanniwan were knowledgeable men and women who were made to perform basically unproductive work and to attend courses quite divorced from reality. We saw little of that much touted "contact with the people."

Naturally, we were not told what the cadres themselves thought of their work. Their eagerness and willingness to work was impressive; but then, their future depended on it.

Mao fears, with good reason, a separation of the Communist elite from the masses and a rise of a "new class" in China. Therefore, he puts his cadre through the purgatory of "Thought Reform," of physical labor and cadre school. But this permanent "purging process," this softening up of the cadre, is conducted at huge cost to China's development. How can the experienced party leaders, the intelligentsia, and the trained managers carry out their jobs effectively when forced to live in constant insecurity? □

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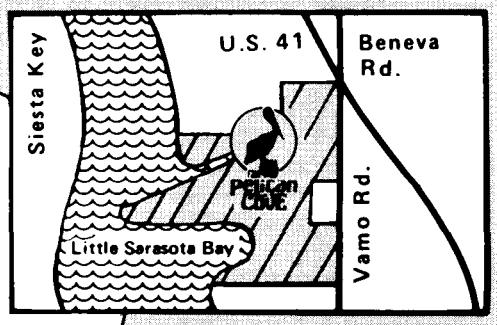

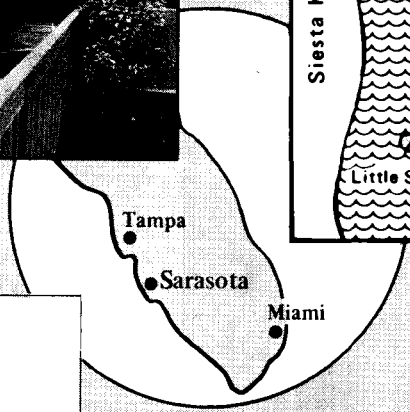

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Messrs. Goldwater and Reagan

On The Right

New York, May 12—When, late in the evening of primary day, it became clear that Ronald Reagan was going to win in Indiana, John Chancellor of NBC zoomed in on him and asked how he could account for the strange unity of criticism coming at him from Nelson Rockefeller, representing (at least, traditionally) the left end of the Republican spectrum, and Barry Goldwater, representing the right end of the spectrum. There was as much fatigue written over Reagan's face as there was glee over Chancellor's, who rightly calculated that there was very little Reagan could answer under the circumstances that would dispose of the diplomatic ambush. The author of the Eleventh Commandment managed a smile, and said: "I've never believed in divisiveness within the Republican Party, as you know, John. I think everybody would agree that I did my very best to knit the party together in California in 1966, after the chaos of 1964."

Churchill could not have done better, and, as a professional, I have to admire the smoothest fico of the season. But O my lords, O my lieges, what on earth are we doing? Put together everything said against the Republicans by Humphrey, Carter, Jackson, Udall, and Bella Abzug, and you cannot match the destructiveness of the criticism being leveled against Republicans by Republicans. Both Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan are in part responsible for this. I am required to say, because my affection for Goldwater would not permit me to dissimulate, that I think he has been the principal aggressor this time around, and for reasons I cannot fathom.

Most conspicuously played up by the press is the position Reagan has taken on Panama. This was used by James Reston as the handle for the cockiest piece of political vaticination (Reagan "won't last for long") since Mr. Reston reassured his readers, in the winter of 1963, that Nelson Rockefeller had as much of a chance of losing the Republican nomination in 1964 as he had of going broke. They are loving it. They are quoting Goldwater, whose remarks are never noticed by the liberal press except when they serve its purposes, endlessly. It was Goldwater who said about Reagan that he did not understand the issues of the Panama Canal; that if he did, he would side with Gerald Ford; and that if we didn't negotiate a new treaty with Panama, we'd find ourselves engaged in "guerrilla warfare."

Now the following quotation is not adduced out of any spirit of meanness to Barry Goldwater. Quite the contrary, I proceed to prove that Senator Goldwater was exactly correct when he wrote in 1962 (*Why Not Victory?* McFadden, page 34): "Does anyone seriously suppose . . . that our generous decision to permit the Panamanian flag to fly over American territory in the Canal Zone will placate the Panamanian nationalists? The gesture is bound simply to whet the mob's appetite and transfer its sights to bigger targets."

Guerrilla warfare?

CONCEIVABLY. Under certain circumstances, the United States would have to fight guerrilla warfare, urban warfare, tank warfare, nuclear warfare. They tell us that we must revise our treaty in Panama because it is, in the fashionable phrase, the "last vestige of American colonialism in Latin America." If it is the last vestige of American colonialism, pray what is our base in Guantanamo? Are we supposed to give it up too? Castro, in 1964, decided to try a little attrition on Guantanamo, and he turned off the water supply. Candidate Goldwater said that Castro should be told to "turn it [the water] on or the Marines are going to turn it on." And Senator Goldwater was not categorically against guerrilla warfare. In fact, he said that if he were President, he would train and equip refugees to fight a guerrilla war in Cuba, supply them by air drop, and give them air support if necessary.

Of course, that was only two years after a Democratic President had launched an amphibious operation against Castro. But even so, here was talk about using guerrillas to fight on foreign soil. Whatever you call Panama, it is hardly foreign soil. It is an American responsibility secured by treaty. The notion that it is reckless to be prepared to defend it suggests a failure of nerve. Nobody who knows Mr. Goldwater can believe that of him, but it is hard to believe that he is helping his party. □

REAGAN AND RESTON

New York, May 14—James Reston, in a routine exercise in indiscretion, has announced to the American public that Henry Kissinger, having been dispatched from time to time to brief Governor Ronald Reagan during the Nixon days, "testified later that seldom in his long experience as a teacher had he come across a more gullible pupil. . . ." Concerning that statement, a few observations:

1. Did Kissinger say that to Reston? Certainly Kissinger has never "testified" on the question of Reagan's gullibility, else us plain-folks would have heard about it. What Reston surely means is that Kissinger said as much to Reston personally. Presumably he said it in confidence, but Reston permits himself to transcend these considerations, as when not long ago he wrote that publicly the President and the Secretary of State applaud Daniel Patrick Moynihan, while privately they deplore him. Exit Moynihan.

I wonder whether other friends of the Secretary of State should feel free to reveal positions Mr. Kissinger has "testified" to? Mr. Reston, whose cosmopolitanism contrasts so sharply with Reagan's gullibility, is a man who, having got his appendix taken out successfully in China, came back with praise for that totalitarian state which would have embarrassed Edgar Snow. Mr. Reston's current hold on public reality is best measured by his continuing references to "Wee Jimmy." The gentleman in question is Governor Carter, who will probably be the next President of the United States.

2. Though it is true that Mr. Kissinger, like so many intellectuals, is a man of considerable personal impatience with those who either fail quickly to grasp his point, or else proceed to disagree with it (Harold Wilson

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is a little bit that way: he has always assumed that people who disagree with him are just not quite bright), he would surely not "testify" to the "gullibility" of Reagan. After all, if Kissinger is calling Reagan gullible, what do you suppose Le Duc Tho is calling Kissinger?

3. The "gullibility" of Reagan concerns Reagan's assertion that the United States owns the Canal Zone in exactly the same way that we own Alaska. As a matter of fact, Reagan is technically wrong. But he has a far more accurate sense of the active relationship between the United States and the Panama Canal than the critics who speak as if the Canal Zone were Panamanian territory in any meaningful sense.

The relevant sentence in the treaty authorized the United States "to exercise all rights, power, and authority within the Zone . . . which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory . . . to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority." I think even gullible people, reading those words, would be entitled to say that we have effective sovereignty over the Panama Canal. Mr. Reston says that "Reagan couldn't pass a test in freshman American history," preaching what he does about American rights in Panama. If that is so, as much could be said of former Secretary of State and later Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, who in 1923 wrote, "It is an absolute futility for the Panamanian government to expect any American Administration, no matter what it is, any President or Secretary of State, ever to surrender any part of these rights which the United States has acquired under the treaty of 1903."

4. Since Mr. Reston is having so much difficulty understanding the rise to political eminence of "Wee Jimmy" and of the former Governor of California, whom Reston calls, with such wit, "the old trouper," I'll tell him what's going on. These men are making headway because huge numbers of American citizens review a scene that for a generation or two the Restons of this world, strutting their sophistication, had the critical hand in shaping. The statesmen who turned on the Restons gave us a couple of world wars, slave empires that stretched from East Europe to Indochina, a passion for decolonization that has all but extinguished human freedom in yet another large continent, and, at home, a thorough demoralization of the spirit. Now Americans, seeing this, want something old and true (Reagan), or something—anything—new (Carter). □

THE CLAIMS OF GERALD FORD

New York, May 17—How to say it?

What are the bases of the bitter drive to effect the nomination of Gerald Ford? It is a commonplace that men tend not to give up positions of power gladly. Thus in his address to Congress a few days after his accession to the Presidency, Mr. Ford made a flirtatious remark about the number of times he might be addressing the Congress in joint session, and instantly there was speculation—though no detectable resentment—that Mr. Ford would run for a full term as President. In due course it became obvious that Mr. Ford would do exactly that, and most of Republican Washington rallied to that enterprise as if it were the most natural thing to do. Well, it is the most natural thing to do, the inertial force of the incumbency being what it is. But it is only arguably the right thing to do.

Beginning with Mr. Ford. What ends, other than his own gratification, does he seek to serve?

It is well known that Gerald Ford never thought in terms of being President of the United States. His ambition was to become Speaker of the House of Representatives. The two posts call for very different qualities. As recently as a few years ago, Mr. Ford had concluded that if the Republican Party did not organize Congress in time to give him the speakership within the near future, he would resign from Congress to pursue a private career. Along came Richard Nixon, who decided to name him as Vice President because Melvin Laird had told Nixon he couldn't name John Connally and get him approved by Congress.

During the preceding years, Gerald Ford's name was never mentioned in connection with the Presidency. There were no boomlets, let alone booms, for him in New Hampshire—or even in Oregon. Or even in Michigan. He became President because Richard Nixon decided he wanted congressional support in a period of high stress. It is generally accepted that Mr. Ford's popularity in Congress was calculated by Richard Nixon as a kind of insurance against capricious impeachment.

On becoming President, Mr. Ford campaigned vigorously for his own party, and presided over one of the most humiliating congressional defeats in recent Republican history. Although it is not fair to blame this defeat on Ford, it is fair to conclude that Mr. Ford is untouched by those numinous qualities of the leader who inspires the voters to back his party. Even his home constituency was lost to a Democrat.

In foreign affairs, Mr. Ford was pretty much the organ of Henry Kissinger's ventriloquism, and everybody knew it, and everybody knows it. In domestic affairs, Mr. Ford's single important success has been in pursuing a moderately non-inflationary economic program, whose architects—William Simon, Arthur Burns, and Alan Greenspan—were named by Richard Nixon to their respective offices. There was a series of vetoes, which one would have expected from a Republican President. There was a trip to China, without any apparent point to it. There was the loss of Indochina, and a rather pathetic attempt to persuade Congress to act to prevent that loss. There was the loss of Angola and, most recently, the identification of the one country against which the United States feels confident these days it can consolidate its foreign policy: Rhodesia.

What American has found in Republicanism a new vision, according to the gospel of Ford? What has Mr. Ford done for his party that could not be done by another Republican who moved up to the office through the traditional process?

MR. REAGAN, a single challenger, scored higher against an incumbent President in New Hampshire than any challenger in history. After a setback in Florida and Illinois, Mr. Reagan hit his stride, and Mr. Ford began what looks now like a collapse. What does this suggest? Why should Mr. Ford be ashamed? Or Washington Republicans resentful? Mr. Reagan has run for office only twice before, in a heavily Democratic state; and scored there two decisive victories. He is not an adventurist, playing with the fate of the Republican Party. The enthusiasm shown for him by the voters who hear him speak is far more intense than that shown for Mr. Ford—notwithstanding that Ford descends upon them in Air Force One, and is escorted by the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the presidential flag, and "Hail to the Chief."

Mr. Ford must be told, gently, that his ambition is entirely normal, his enjoyment of the office quite understandable. But that he has no claim on that office, and that he must not resent those Republicans who, while wishing him all the best in the world, desire another individual to serve in the White House. The spastic tendency to back Gerald Ford is less a tribute to him than a tribute to the thoughtlessness of inertial action, that thoughtlessness which accepts the unexamined protocols of political society. One can only hope that Mr. Ford will realize this in time to effect his retreat gracefully. □

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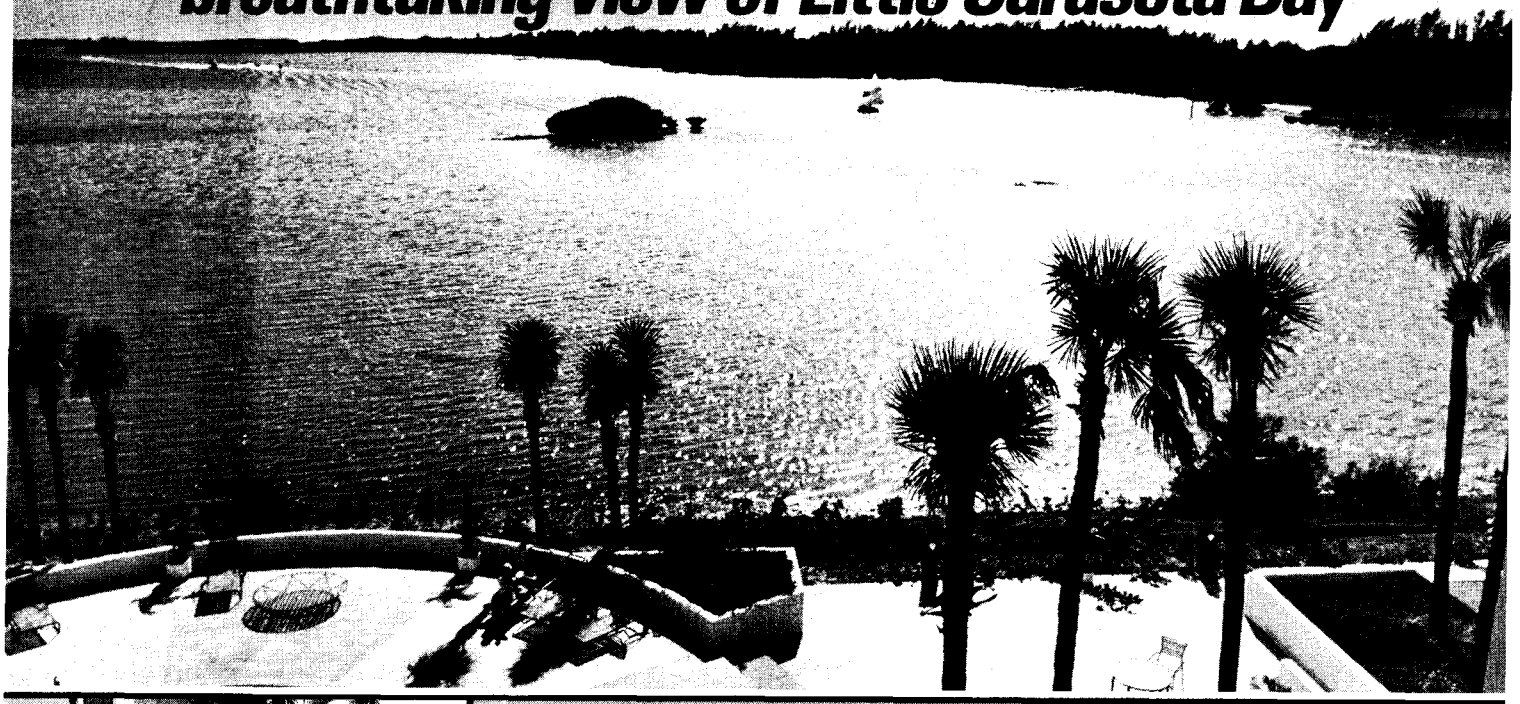
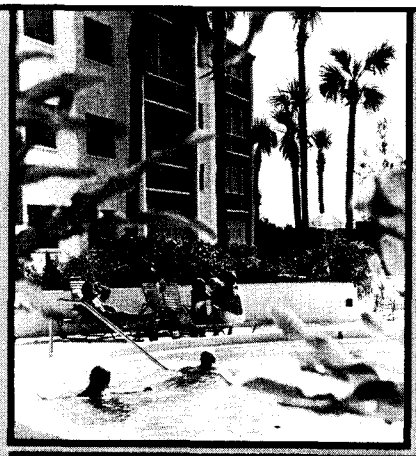
Castel Del Mare offers you an absolutely breathtaking view of Little Sarasota Bay





Picture this Florida scene...

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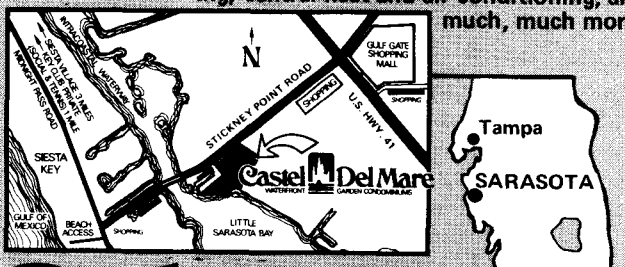

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Free French monetary standard; it can be used for earnest money — 49 29 8 89 103

B. Male name sometimes accompanied by an antonym of first syllable; means strong in rule! — 178 160 112 2 19 85 75

C. What Henry Ford's life story might have been called — 70 15 35 137 169 33 177 144 159 164

40 83 30

D. He, along with Grover Cleveland and William Penn, entered the Hall of Fame of Great Americans in 1935 — 79 38 121 145 104 25 176

E. Nickname of one of the original United States — 66 90 170 162 21 57 105 78

F. Undue delay in asserting a legal right or privilege — 117 3 91 17 113 9

G. A short keyboard composition, usually in double counterpoint — 125 152 106 92 60 32 26 11 100

H. The Preakness winner, 1955 — 138 22 93 127 76 175

I. A dialect that was Greek to some ancients — 10 42 52 61 77

J. A capital city — 168 107 94 50 101 118 12 153 131

K. A kind of Chinese porcelain — 174 123 63 28 114 4 130 119 86

L. Frugality in expenditures — 37 154 5 108 64 39 179 80 166

M. One of the District of Columbia's quarters — 46 139 65 68 87 124 155 13 171

N. A set of moral principles — 88 140 122 109 6

O. *Unscramble an item* of wearing apparel and get an item of wearing apparel — 27 36 48 51

P. This elongated marine *clam damages wharf* piles and wooden vessels — 99 69 81 72 133 115 163 14

Q. The *World* came to an end, but this still comes out annually — 158 41 58 95 147 53 7

R. What a monkey's uncle might have — 20 142 110 16 120

S. Gave judgment against — 24 74 135 44 151 55

T. These fighters can be found in South Bend and Northern Ireland — 31 96 165 156 129

U. A *word from the four* corners of the earth — 54 45 1 182

V. An urban business center — 136 146 18 111 47 180 56 143

W. What the door was after Ali Baba said "Open sesame!" — 149 23 157 141 181 71

X. What a newspaper is *sometimes* called (singular, isn't it?) — 34 172 132 59 82

Y. A scapose herb with pink or white flower heads — 128 134 73 97 116 126

Z. Longtime Dodger shortstop — 102 98 84 148 167

a. Agreeable persons — 43 173 67 150 161 62

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 636 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 U	2 B	3 F	4 K		5 L	6 N	7 Q	8 A	9 F	10 I	11 G	12 J	13 M		14 P	15 C	16 R	17 F	
18 V	19 B	20 R	21 E		22 H	23 W	24 S		25 D	26 G	27 O	28 K	29 A	30 C		31 T	32 G		33 C
34 X		35 C	36 O	37 L		38 D	39 L	40 C	41 Q	42 I	43 a	44 S	45 U	46 M	47 V		48 O	49 A	
50 J	51 O	52 I		53 Q	54 U	55 S		56 V	57 E	58 Q	59 X	60 G		61 I	62 a		63 K	64 L	65 M
66 E	67 a		68 M	69 P	70 C	71 W		72 P	73 Y	74 S	75 B	76 H	77 I	78 E		79 D	80 L	81 P	82 X
83 C	84 Z	85 B		86 K	87 M	88 N		89 A	90 E	91 F	92 G	93 H	94 J	95 Q	96 T	97 Y	98 Z	99 P	
100G	101J	102Z		103A	104D	105E	106G	107J	108L	109N	110R	111V	112B	113F	114K		115P	116Y	
117F	118J	119K	120R		121D	122N	123K		124M	125G	126Y	127H		128Y	129T	130K	131J	132X	
133P	134Y	135S		136V	137C		138H	139M	140N	141W	142R	143V	144C		145D	146V	147Q	148Z	149W
150a	151S		152G	153J	154L	155M	156T	157W	158Q	159C	160B	161a	162E		163P	164C	165T	166L	167Z
168J		169C	170E		171M	172X	173a		174K	175H	176D	177C	178B	179L	180V	181W	182U		

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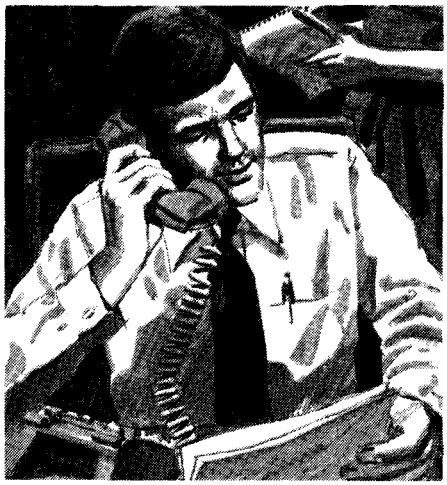

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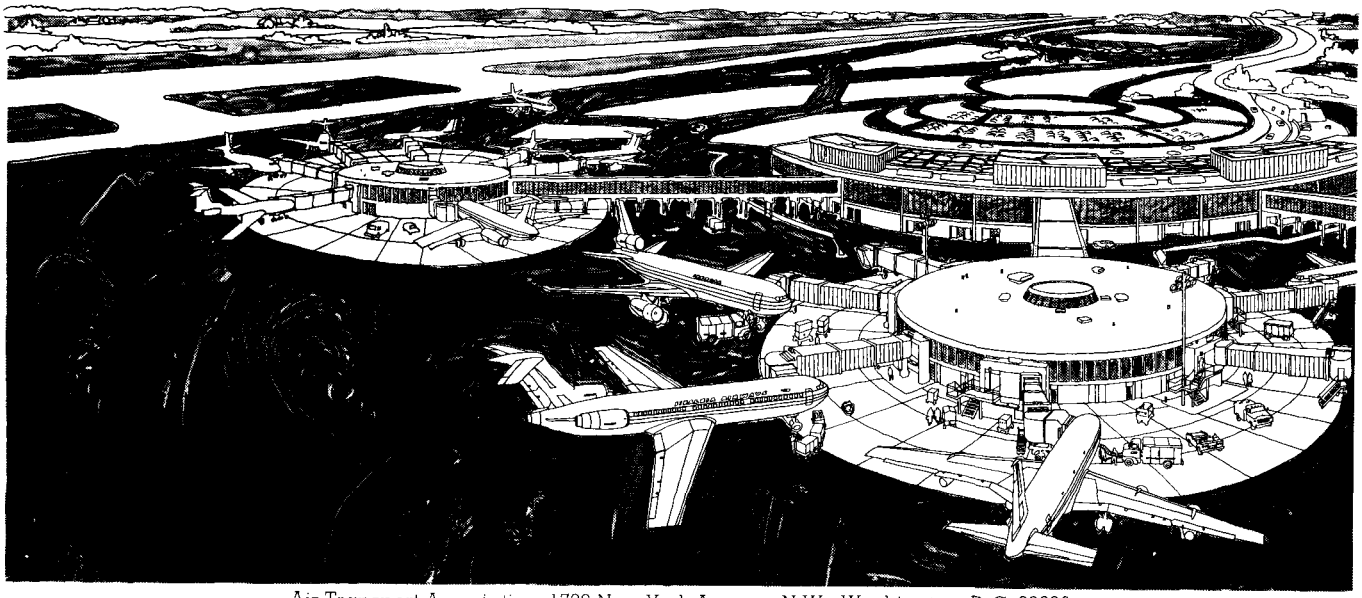

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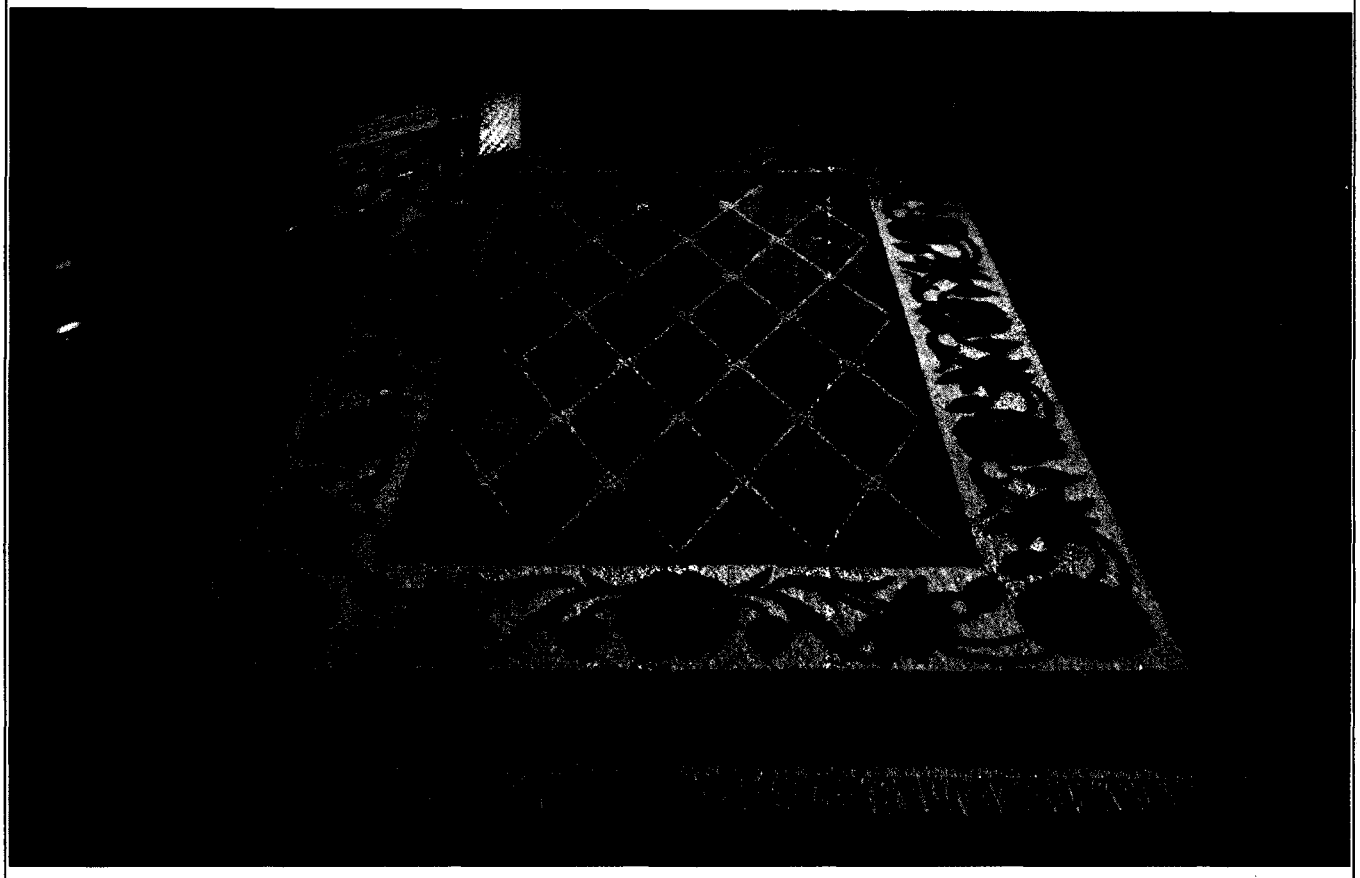

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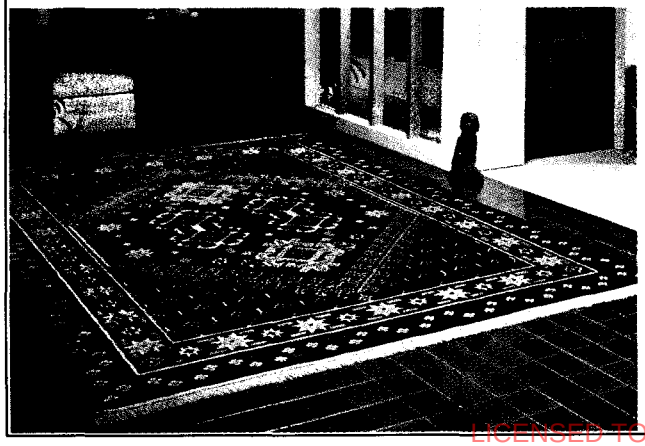

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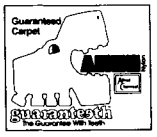

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